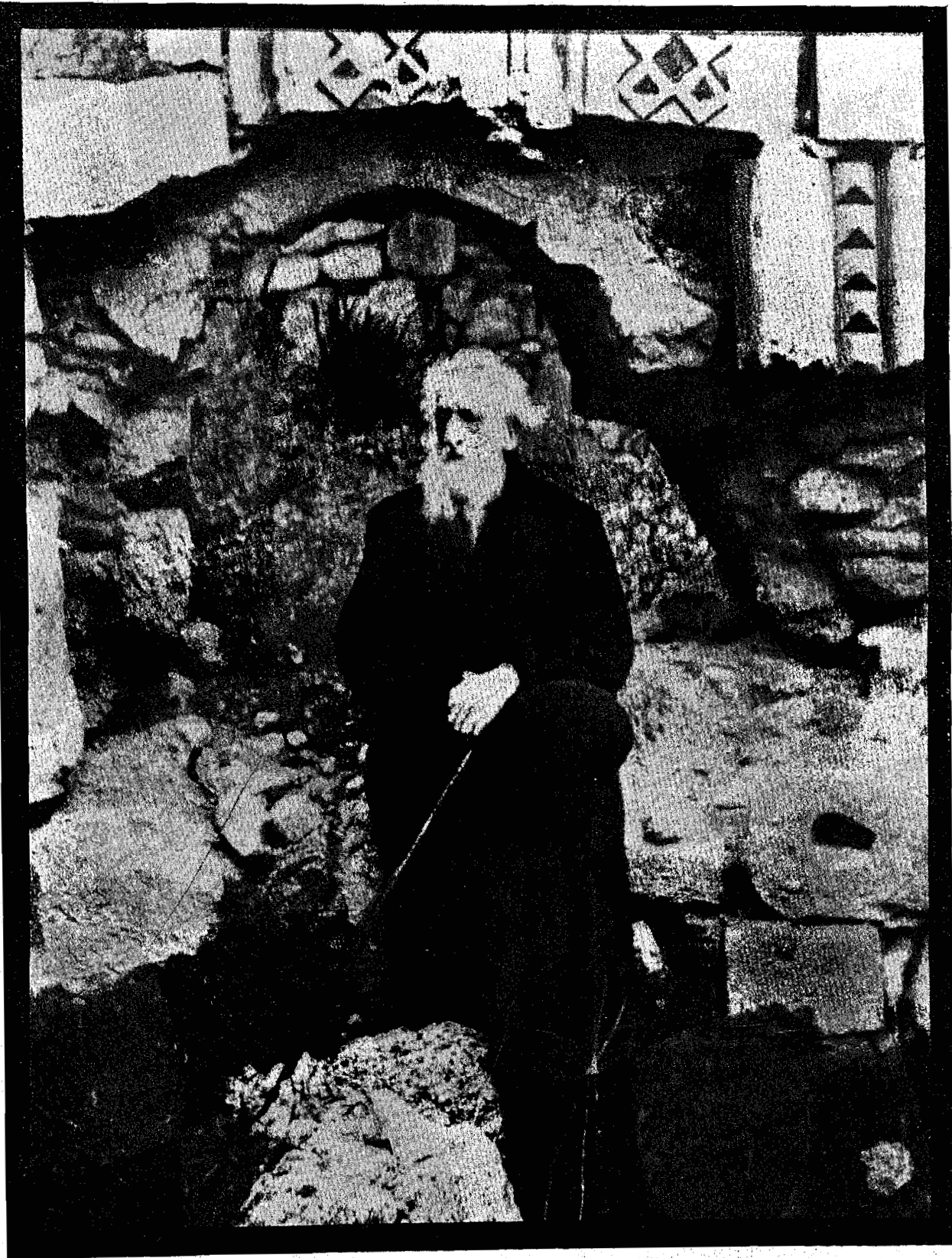


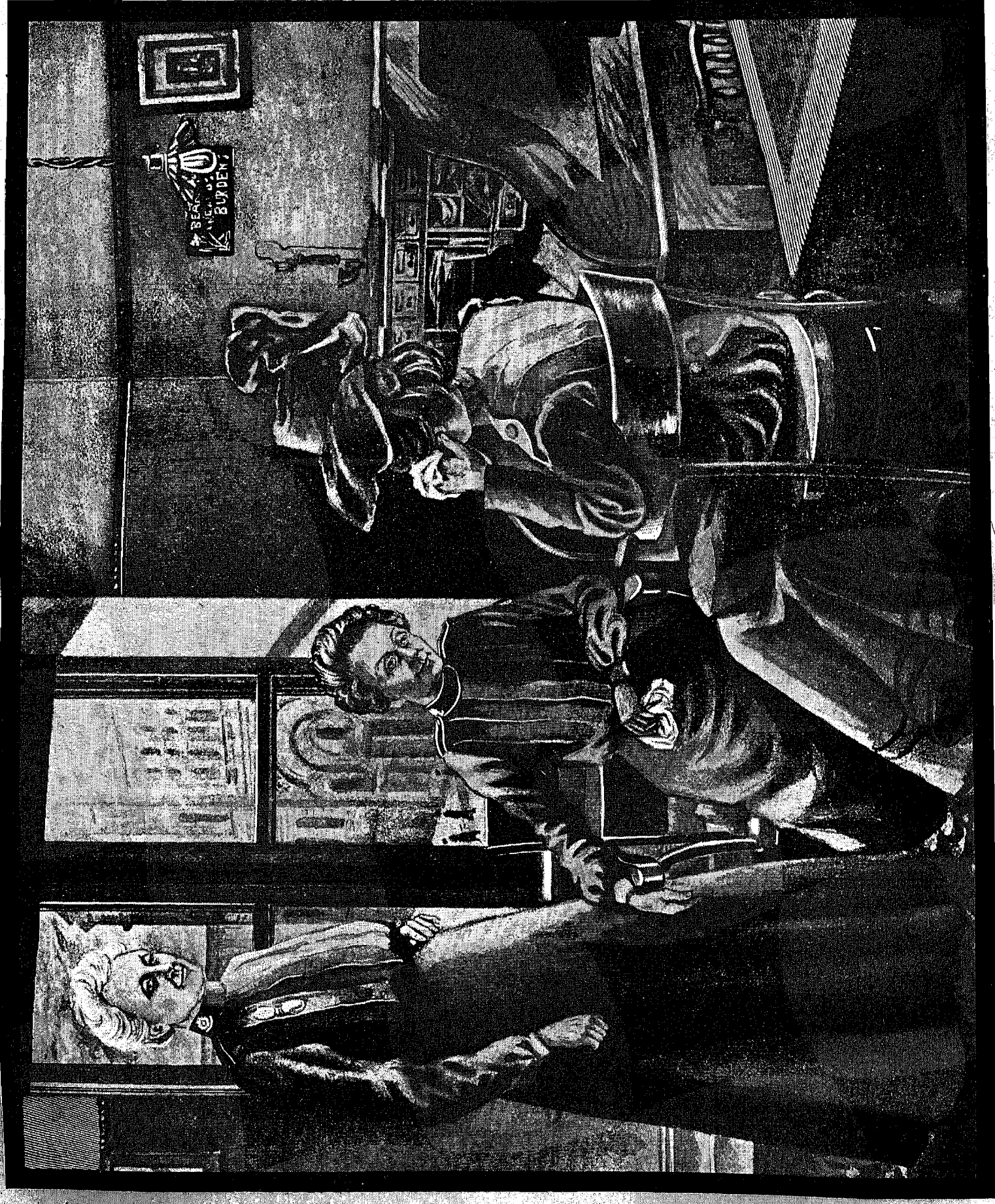
CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

PAGES 12-13.

WARCRY



THE GENERAL IN THE RUINS OF MARTHA AND MARY'S HOUSE AT BETHANY



SYMPATHY WITH SORROW. MRS. COOMBS IN HER OFFICE AT HEADQUARTERS, TORONTO.

A Morning with Mrs. Coombs.



T the south-west angle of the Territorial Headquarters, on the second floor, are located the Offices of the Women's Social Work.

There are two rooms, that arrest attention, one of which is the waiting-room where, every day, a number of women of all ages sit and await their turn to enter the sanctum of Mrs. Coombs. For the most part, they are the sisters of sorrow. Those upon whom the blight of a great shame has fallen; or they sorrow because it has descended upon one of whom they love. They come for sympathy, which is never denied them, and ask for help that is always, when possible, gladly rendered.

Here, one is at the heart of that organisation for the uplifting and rescuing of erring womanhood, which has its Homes on that Island against which thunders the surf of the Atlantic ocean, and also on that which is laved with the swells of the great Pacific; a work which operates as far North as Winnipeg and as near the line as Hamilton. Yet all centres in and radiates from the little room known as Mrs. Commissioner Coombs' office.

It is small, and sparsely furnished. A roll-top desk, a table and three chairs, and a telephone complete the furniture. But that little room and the personality of one who sits therein, is stamped with an ineffaceable imprint on the grateful memories of hundreds, who, when grief and shame had claimed them, found in the little room a hand warm with sympathy and strong with the power to help.

Let us, in imagination, spend a morning in that room. We shall, perhaps, gather something new concerning the work of The Army amongst women, certainly we shall obtain a deeper insight into the sins and suffering of common humanity.

On the arrival of Mrs. Coombs, the active head of this branch of Army work, one of her assistants places before her the morning's mail. This is usually bulky, and deals with an infinity of matters. For with fifteen Homes and Institutions, and a family of nearly four hundred women and children, the needs are numerous and varied. Here is a letter from a Matron, telling that one of her assistants must have a rest. The exacting duties of a Home on mind and heart, render periodic cessation from duties a necessity. But this letter brings up a problem that is ever present. It is how to seize opportunities, or to meet calls for Officers when there are none in reserve. It is a thousand pities that a work so Christ-like in character, and so essentially human, should be handicapped for the lack of suitable young women to Officer it. But such is the fact, and, in the vernacular, Mrs. Coombs is "up against it," this morning. Still, this devoted Officer must have a rest, and something must be done to fill her place. In the Rescue Homes, the Children's Homes, the Maternity Hospitals, and Old Women's Homes, and Service Girls' Hostels, what a field for blessing and benefiting womanhood presents itself, and Mrs. Coombs could provide splendid positions of usefulness in this direction for young women who have strength of body, and the grace of God.

However, that is by the way. Mrs. Coombs peruses her mail, and by that time her trusty Secretary, Brigadier Stewart, who has been to the police court in connection with another important phase of this work, has returned, and together they discuss ways and means to meet the needs that are expressed in the morning's letters. One

An Interesting Description of the Women's Rescue Work in Canada.

Officer needs additional plant for her laundry operations; another, some new sewing machines for her workroom. An Officer finds that the accommodation of her Home is overtaxed, and still the most urgent cases come appealing to her. What is to be done? Another has an inmate who is very refractory, the Officer's patience is almost exhausted—what shall she do with her? yet another sends particulars of person who wish to adopt a baby inmate of the Home; and yet another has a suggestion for enlarging the present Home, or building a new one. Matters of infinite variety call for counsel and advice from such experienced Officers Mrs. Coombs, and Mrs. Col. Mapp.

Not all the letters are from Matrons of Homes. A man who is responsible for the care of a person of weak intellect, wishes to evade his obligations by sending her to a Salvation Army Home, and thus saddling The Army with the maintenance and

disgraced her people that we have decided to have nothing more to do with her."

Mrs. Coombs informs us that the girl is but seventeen, and that her youth was taken advantage of in the most heartless fashion by a man much older than herself. The poor young mother is, however, deeply penitent, well behaved, and, as she is a bright, strong, intelligent girl, life will, doubtless, have a good deal of happiness for her yet. At any rate, if her friends have cast her off, The Salvation Army hasn't, and will befriend her through life.

Incidentally, Mrs. Coombs tells us that there is a great deal of heartless conduct shown by some. Instancing this case: An inmate of one of the Homes lay dying. Her folly in trusting a deceiver made her a mother, and cost her her life. When death appeared inevitable, her friends were communicated with. A sister came. In the most piteous manner the dying young woman besought her sister to take her child—the offspring of her sorrow—home and rear it. But in the most heartless fashion, she refused to do so, and upbraided her dying sister in such a cruel fashion that she was ordered from the Home.

But there is plenty that is good in human nature after all.

Here is an extract from a mother's letter:—

"As soon as my daughter is able, both she and her baby shall come home. Her sorrow shall be our sorrow, and we will share in her shame, for she is still our child.

"As for The Army, we shall never fail to remember it, and to pray for its success, for the kindness shown to our daughter in her trouble."

The mail contains other letters than those that breathe out grief and shame. Here is one written to Mrs. Coombs from a girl who is just about to leave a Home to go into a situation:—

"It is with a grateful heart I am writing you this letter to thank you for the home you have given to me and my baby. I do not know where I should have been to-day if you had not permitted me to go into your Home. It has not been merely a home to me, but a place where I have learned how to live for the Home above. I am going out to service now, and, although I am feeling it to leave the

Officers and baby, yet the Matron is having baby cared for, and I know he will be well looked after. I shall do my best to be a credit to the Home."

There are letters from a class of correspondents whose epistles nearly always form pleasant reading. They are the girls who have successfully passed through the Home, and are now either in service, or in homes of their own. Here is an extract from a service girl's letter:—

"You will be glad to hear that my mistress is so satisfied with me, and now thinks so much of The Army that she has consented to my wearing the uniform when I go to the meetings. This is a privilege I value very much, for my heart goes out in gratitude to God when I think of all that has been done for me. When I look at the picture of my poor little baby girl—brought into the world through her mother's sin, I feel the bitterest remorse, but I believe God has forgiven me my sins, and in that hope, I am striving every day to let my life atone for the past."

So much for the mail. The Brigadier then dis-

(Continued on page 22.)



Our New Women's Hospital, Toronto.

care of a person for whom the Government has made provision, under certain conditions. Another would be very grateful if The Army could provide him with a young woman who would make him a suitable wife. The Army has not yet added a matrimonial bureau to its numerous institutions. Letters and pamphlets dealing with the White Slave traffic; drunkenness amongst women, and asking what does Mrs. Coombs think of the suffragettes, etc., etc., arrive here in great numbers.

But there are other letters yet. Here is an extract from one that tells its own story:—

"If The Salvation Army cannot help me, I think I shall kill myself. I never could go to my friends again with this disgrace upon me. They have no idea of the trouble I am in. Oh, God, why did I not die when I was a child! The one who has wronged me is the son of the head of the firm. He has gone to Europe. I am eighteen. Mrs. Coombs, for the love of God help me. Let me come to one of your Homes! That girl will be helped through her trouble. This is another extract:—

"So my sister is in one of your Homes. She had better stay there. She has so greatly

Some Songs and Song Writers.

BY THE COMMISSIONER.



THE Editor assures me that another chat about Salvation Songs, and their singers will be appreciated by the Easter War Cry readers. That in itself, is a good and sufficient reason for me to write, but to be candid, the task is a very agreeable one. I am always ready to talk about songs, or to sing them—for singing to me, is one of the greatest means of grace. By it, one can praise the Lord, or pray to Him; can exhort the sinner to repentance or encourage the struggling saint. Yes, there is no doubt the hymn book comes next to the Bible; also that singing has accomplished quite as much as preaching in the warfare of The Salvation Army. Some of the stories concerning salvation singing, are very remarkable. Here is one:—

THE SONG IN THE NIGHT.

In the ward of a consumptive hospital there lay a woman smitten by that terrible disease. It was night! Most of the patients were asleep, but sleep was far from the eyes of this poor woman. As she lay there listening to the ticking of the clock, and counting the minutes as they slipped past into eternity, she heard someone singing. Who could it be. Ah, yes! In a bed over there was a Salvation Army Officer. In her sleep she was conducting meetings, and in the silence of the night she was singing that beautiful, powerful, yet solemn chorus:

"Death is coming, coming,
And the Judgment day;
Hasten, sinner, to the Saviour,
Seek the narrow way!"

God's Spirit strove with the woman; she knew she was not ready to die, and the ticking of the clock reminded her that every moment death was drawing nearer. She wept! She prayed! She struggled, but could not get right. She thought she had to do something; that Salvation was to be purchased, but, while she was in this great agony of mind the Officer began to sing again, and the words, this time, were such as to bring light and peace to her distressed soul. The Officer sang:—

"Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain—
He washed me white as snow."

There and then, by faith, she accepted salvation, and peace like a river came into her heart.

Here is another incident in connection with this second song. At Penge, on the outskirts of London, England, the magnificent Band was out, Christmas playing and singing, and about one o'clock in the morning, played this song and sang the chorus and finished with prayer.

A woman in a house close by, was lying very ill. The words took hold of her; her eyes were opened to the fact that her only refuge was in Christ. His blood atoned for her. The next day, one of the Sergeants visited her, spoke to her about her soul. She then told the story of the Band singing outside the house, and praying, and as a result, she began to pray for herself and claimed the merits of that precious blood.

NOTHING BUT BLOOD.

Another story I heard of, happened at Worthing, in the South of England. The Corps was holding its Sunday morning open-air meeting, and the Soldiers were singing the chorus, "Nothing but Thy Blood can save me," being accompanied by the Band. While this was going on, the Officer noticed a gentleman on the steps of a distant house beckoning to him. He thought the gentleman wanted to give something to the col-

Composing a Song as
They Rode in the Wat.

lection. On coming up to him the gentleman said, "Is it true that nothing but the Blood can save? Because if 't is so, then I have been deluded." The Officer replied that it was true, and impressed upon the questioner the importance of opening his heart to God, and getting right with his Maker then and there. This, the gentleman did, for upon the doorstep on which he stood, he sought salvation, and, out of gratitude, gave the Officer \$5.00 to help on the work of The Salvation Army.

Few songs have been more frequently sung, or have been more inspiring to comrades in hours of depression than that which begins with this line: "We're a band that shall conquer the foe," with the chorus:—

"I believe we shall win,
If we fight in the strength of the King."

It was the outpouring of a soul in the hour of trial, and was composed by Staff-Captain Hodgson, while stationed at one of the most difficult Corps in London, England. The fight was truly a hard one. He says, concerning its composition:—

"One night I reached my Quarters about ten o'clock; there was no fire and no food, and it was as though I had no one to stand by me. I sat down and meditated, then went down upon my knees before the Lord, poured out my heart to Him; arose from my knees and taking up pen and paper, wrote this song, with its heaven-born chorus, I believe we shall win."

He went forward with renewed strength, and with his dear wife, is still engaged in the fight. He has also two sons and a daughter in The Salvation Army, as Officers.

HOW A SONG WAS SUGGESTED.

In quite another key, is that exultant song, "I am climbing up the Golden Stairs, to Glory!" The tune is a splendid piece of musical composition, while the words reach a high level of poetry, and yet it was suggested to the writer, Commissioner Booth-Tucker, by the prosaic, and somewhat undignified action of climbing up the narrow stairway of a swaying London omnibus. The effort in climbing to the top of the bus was in harmony with the mood of his mind and heart, and as he sat on the seat he drew out his note book, and with inspiration full upon him, wrote:—

"Every day it seems I want to love Him better,
Every day it seems, I want to serve Him more;
Every day I strive to climb the ladder faster,
Every effort brings me nearer Canaan's shore."

This song has cheered many a heart and inspired many a meeting.

WAITING FOR A TRAIN.

Indeed, the circumstances under which many of our most popular songs were composed, have been very strange and interesting. The song, "Yes, He gives me peace and pardon, joy without alloy," has been sung in a spirit of joyous adoration by thousands of glad souls, and yet this song was composed by a lassie Officer, who was one day waiting at a railway depot for a train. While walking up and down she got the suggestion for this song and worked it out, while pacing up and down the platform. This was her first song.

She had been urged to do something for the Lord, in this line, but her reply was that she had no abilities of this kind at all. However, she tried and not only found she had ability, but, the making of salvation songs turned out to be a splendid method of using her spare moments.

Here is the story of how that popular song—

"Let the waves wash me, Let the waves cleanse me,
Lord, in Thy power let them roll over me,"

came to be written. It was composed by Adjutant Foote, of New Zealand. The Adjutant says:—

"For many years I had felt music in my soul, but, until I wrote this song, I had never attempted a composition. I am the more thankful, however, that God has so helped me and used this song to the blessing of so many, for, as a matter of fact, I had very little knowledge of the theory of music, and I'd not at all look upon myself as a poet.

"My wife and I were coming home one day from



How Climbing Up the Golden Stairs to Glory was Suggested.

visiting. We were on horseback; it was raining, and the roads were simply awful. We were stationed then at Whangarei, in the Far North, from Auckland. We had to jog along slowly, and we were alone, when all at once, this little melody came into my mind, and I could not drive it away. I started to whistle it line after line, and the words came to me as an inspiration at the same time. I did not have the least difficulty with either words or music after that, I believe it was an inspiration.

"My wife sang it and I whistled it, until the tune got hold of us, and we got hold of it. Our souls were thrilled with the spirit of the song. It was a very blessed time indeed."

POETIC TALENT IN THE ARMY.

It is remarkable what an amount of talent for song writing has been developed by The Salvation Army. Some of the songs are also remarkable for quality. The song:—

"All my heart I give to Thee,
Day by day, come what may;
All my life I give to Thee,
Dying souls to save."

was composed by Private Harry Davis, of the Stepney Corps. This comrade has written many songs, about 225 of them having been published.

The first song he ever wrote was the one with the chorus given above. He composed it while riding on the top of an omnibus, in London, and it appeared in about the third issue of the "War Cry," dated January, 1880.

Many people have written him letters, telling him of the blessings received from his songs. One he told me of, was from the son of a clergyman, who was studying for the ministry. He was very much discouraged and had become a backslider in heart. He strolled into one of The Army Halls, heard one of Davis' songs, with the chorus:

"When the fight's hard, I'll never give in."

God used it to give him fresh courage.

Brother Davis owes the Chief of the Staff, Mr. Bramwell Booth, much, for the encouragement he gave him when his first song appeared in the "War Cry." The Chief told him that the man who wrote that song could do better. This gave him the necessary stir up, and he went forward to try.

THE CHIEF'S SONGS.

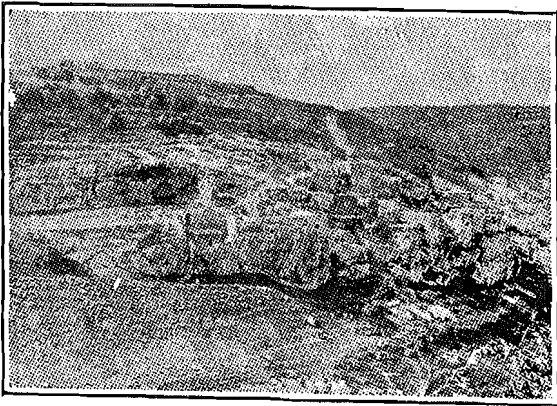
As a matter of fact, the Chief of the Staff, himself, has contributed some undying songs to The Army's hymnology.

"Living in the fountain,
Walking in the light;
Now and ever trusting
Jesus and His might."

is one of them, but I think, among the most powerful, and certainly wonderfully used of God, is that

(Continued on page 6.)

Scenes of Christ's Sufferings.



The Mount of Offence, where Judas Sold His Master.



EARLY two thousand years have elapsed since was enacted that mighty event which we celebrate at this season—the Son of God dying on behalf of a condemned world.

But long as this period of time is, never did a greater number of human souls regard with deeper gratitude the salvation which was purchased by the precious blood of Christ on that Palestinian height—Golgotha—than now, and never were the scenes connected with the crucifixion of our Saviour regarded with greater veneration than at present. We think, therefore, a few facts concerning the present-day appearance of the sacred spots of Palestine will be of interest to our readers.

Perhaps the first black deed in connection with the World's Disgrace was when Judas left the lighted room, the holy company, and the presence of the blessed Lord, after what we may assume was the Last Supper, and went out into the night.

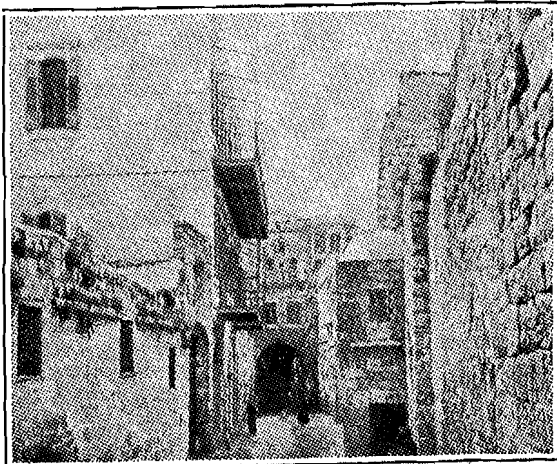
Where did he go?

He repaired to the house of Caiaphas, on the Mount of Offence, just outside Jerusalem, where he bargained with the priests and scribes, as to the sum for which he should deliver Christ into their hands. Our photograph shows the Mount of Offence as it appears to-day.

Surely never was so much infamy purchased for so small a sum as thirty pieces of silver.

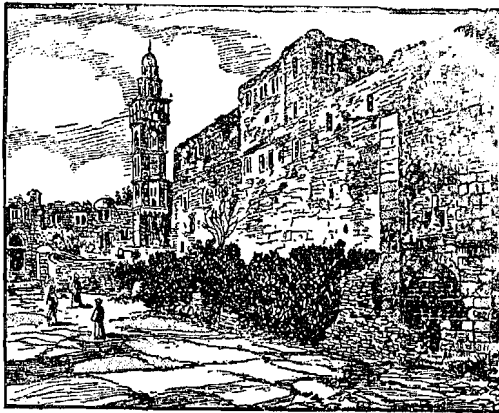
When Christ and His disciples left the guest chamber in Sion, in order to go to the Garden of Gethsemane to pray, as was the Master's wont, they skirted the southern wall, and passing by the Ophe Gate, found themselves on the slopes of the Mount of Olives. Tissot gives the following interesting description of this locality: "In the distance, wrapt in shadow, was the bed of the Kedron torrent, at that time of the year almost dried up, which was reached by a somewhat steep path, dangerous at night to foot passengers who had to cross the Kedron by a bridge; several tombs, which still exist at the present day, were passed. . . . The whole scene is gloomy in the extreme, for, in addition to the tombs on the left, the traveller has on the right the mighty walls of the Temple, which tower above him, and almost overwhelm him with their solemn majesty. At last Jesus reaches Gethsemane, the name of which means winepress, and which was a farm or oil press, surrounded by gardens, or, more strictly speaking, by orchards sacred to the cultivation of fruit trees, such as the olive, the fig, and the mulberry.

The present appearance of the Garden of Gethsemane is shown by our cut. According to Farrar,



The Houses of Dives and Lazarus

THIS ARTICLE CONTAINS SOME INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING THE PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE SACRED SPOTS WHICH WITNESSED THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST IN HIS REDEMPTION OF THE WORLD.



Pilate's House in Jerusalem as it now Appears.

the traditional site of the scene of the arrest of Christ, "venerable and beautiful as it is from the age and size of the grey, gnarled olive trees, of which one is still known as the Tree of the Agony, is, perhaps, too public.

"It was more probably one of the secluded hollows at no great distance from it which witnessed that scene of awful and pathetic mystery. But although the exact spot cannot be determined with certainty, the general position of Gethsemane is clear; and then, as now, the chequering moonlight, the grey eaves, the dark brown trunks, the soft greensward, the ravine, with Olivet towering over it to the Eastward, and Jerusalem to the West, must have been the main external features of a place which must be regarded with undying interest while time shall last, as the place where the Saviour of mankind entered alone into the valley of the shadow."

After the terrible betrayal and capture, so powerfully set forth in the gospels, Christ was once more led over the Kedron to the palace of the high priest.

Then, being condemned to death by the Sanhedrin, Christ was led away to the hall of judgment in the palace of the governor, Pontius Pilate.

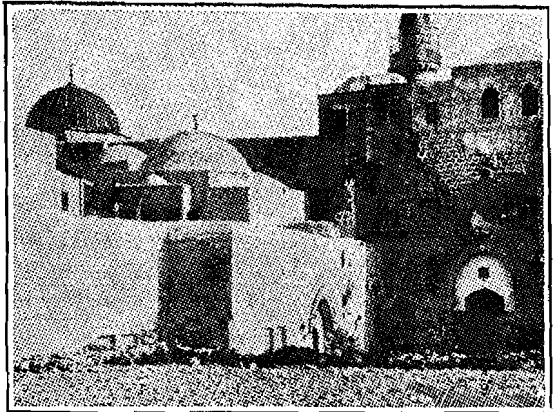
What this palace is now like may be inferred from our sketch. It was, however, at the time of the crucifixion, a much more imposing structure, for "externally it was a mass of lofty walls and towers, and gleaming roofs mingled in exquisite varieties of splendour; within, its superb rooms, large enough to accommodate a hundred guests, were adorned with gorgeous furniture, and vessels of gold and silver." So, up marble stairs, and across a floor of richest mosaics, and under a cell



"The Place of a Skull" (The Path shown at the Foot of the Cliff is the Same that Jesus Followed on His way to Crucifixion)

ing, dyed and inlaid with the richest colours, was Christ led into the presence of the Roman governor. This event is strikingly illustrated by our large picture on pages 12 and 13.

From Pontius Pilate to Herod, and back again to Pontius Pilate are incidents of the mock trial with which our readers are familiar; and it was on His second appearance before Pilate that that time-server, so it is said, brought Christ to what is



The Tomb of David which Tradition says Contains the "Upper Chamber" where the Lord's Supper was Held.

known as the Ecce Homo Arch, and from it exhibited the Man of Sorrows to the furious mob, and gave utterances to that exclamation which has thrilled with emotion so many million hearts—"Behold the Man!"

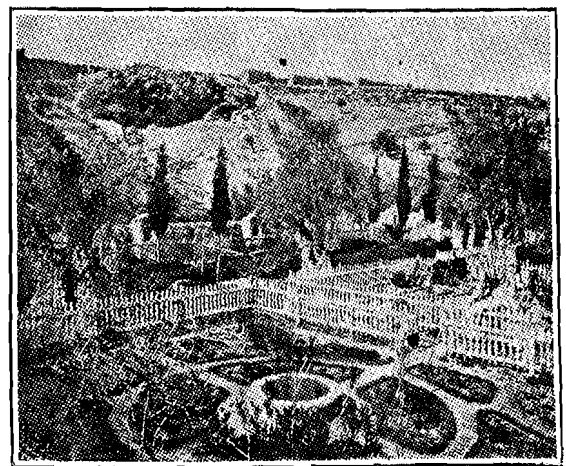
But, as we know from the sacred page, the exclamation only called forth with more bitter hate the words, "Crucify! crucify!" and at last Pilate gave the order to make ready the cross.

The name of Via Dolorosa has been given to the road along which Jesus passed, bearing His cross, on leaving the Roman Praetorium, situated within the Antonia Citadel, as Pilate's Palace was termed, for Mount Calvary. On leaving the Forum, the procession had to pass through the archway which forms the entrance to it from the side of the town, and then to follow the steep street, which starts from the Sheep Gate, and leads to a level tract between it and another steep street going up in a westerly direction to the Gate of Judgment. That gate once passed, the procession was not more than thirty paces from the ascent to Golgotha.

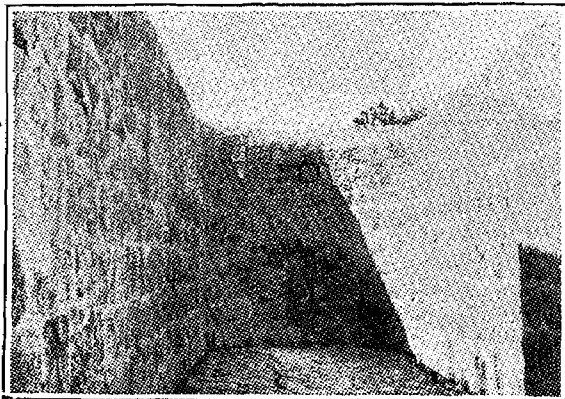
One of our pictures show the houses of Dives and Lazarus, which form the fourth and fifth stations along the Via Dolorosa. The fourth, or house of Lazarus, is where Christ is said to have met His mother. The fifth is where Simon of Cyrene took the cross from Christ.

The sketch of Golgotha will serve to show what Mount Calvary is like at the present time. A recent traveller says, concerning it, "There can be no doubt that this hill above the place, heretofore called 'Jeremiah's Grotto,' is the hill on which Christ was put to death." The late General Gordon made a mould of the hill, and the opinion being adopted by nearly all who visit Jerusalem in these days is that that hill is the place of the Great Tragedy.

"The New Testament calls the locality of the execution, Golgotha, or 'the place of a skull.' I care not in what direction you look on this hill, you recognise the shape of a skull. You have but to feel your own cranium to realise the contour of Calvary. The caverns a little way beneath the top suggest eyeless sockets. The grotto underneath is also the shape of the inside of a skull. This hill is the only hill anywhere near Jerusalem that corresponds with the Bible description of being skull-shaped. We have inspired authority for saying that Christ was crucified outside the gate. This hill is just outside the Damascus gate. . . . The arguments on behalf of this particular hill as the



Present Appearance of the Garden of Gethsemane.



Place where Christ Prayed in the Garden of Gethsemane.

place of the Lord's violent death are conclusive. In pamphlets and books, those arguments are now appearing, and all intelligent people will yet agree upon this 'Place of a skull' as the centre from which all the world will yet be moved."

Upon this eminence, then, was the redemption of man purchased. It was here that the Divine Voice rent the air with the words, "It is finished!" What was finished?

The work His Father gave Him to do.

Are you, dear reader, engaged in the work to which the Master has called you?

SOME SONGS AND SONG WRITERS.

(Continued from page 4.)

marvellous song that contains these words:—

"Now search me, and try me, O Lord!
Now, Jesus, give ear to my cry!
See! helpless I cling to Thy word,
My soul to my Saviour draws nigh."

I understand this song was composed in the midnight hour, while the Chief was waiting in a railway depot for the train. Certainly it was an inspiration, and has been used of God as a consecration song for all our dear comrades in different parts of the world, and will still go on being used.

"Oh, Thou God of every nation," was composed by the late Colonel Pearson, who was one of the best song-writers the Army has ever produced. Although not a musician, he was a real poet, and most successfully wrote such songs as are calculated

THE EASTER WAR CRY.

ed to take hold of a crowd in congregational singing.

He died in October, 1892, but by his songs he is still a living force throughout The Army, the world over. Among his most successful songs are: "God is keeping His soldiers fighting," with the chorus, "No, we never, never, never will give in." "Lord, save the world," "It's best to be saved by blood and by fire," "What will the judgment be?" "Full salvation, full salvation!" "All round the world The Army chariot rolls," with the chorus, "Keep waving!" "God bless our Army brave."

I am indebted to this dear promoted Officer for a good deal of encouragement in my Soldier days, and look back to some of the most powerful Soldier meetings that it has ever been my privilege to attend, which were conducted by this fiery apostle of salvation.

"Ever Thine, Thine alone,
Henceforth, Saviour, I will be."

This, I understand, was the first song written by Brigadier Slater, the head of our Musical Department in the Homeland, and it was, I am told, his actual consecration song.

"Down where the living waters flow."

This song was composed by Captain Bateman, long since gone to his reward.

The Salvation Army was singing down the street, and Bateman, with some of his companions, was sitting in a saloon, drinking. He was very musically inclined, and was in demand in the saloons as a singer. What more natural than that he should go out and follow The Army and try to get hold of some of their tunes and use them in the saloons for the enjoyment of his companions? The result was that he got caught. The Spirit of God smote him—he was found among the weeping penitents, and very soon composed the words of this familiar song, to the tune he used to sing in the saloons.

He was the author of several excellent songs besides the one mentioned above, among them: "The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow," "Home once more," "Fighting, fighting on the narrow way," "The day of victory's coming," "Under The Army flag we'll fight our way to glory."

Captain Bateman went to his reward in 1888.

after a short illness. He tried to compose a song just before he died, but he only got the first verse and chorus. The latter is as follows:—

"Say, what will you do when the Lord shall come?
Say, what will you do when the Lord shall come?
What will you do in that day?
What will you do when the Lord shall come—
Now 's the time to pray."

Captain Bateman is with the singing hosts above, his songs are sung to the blessing of thousands, by the hosts below.

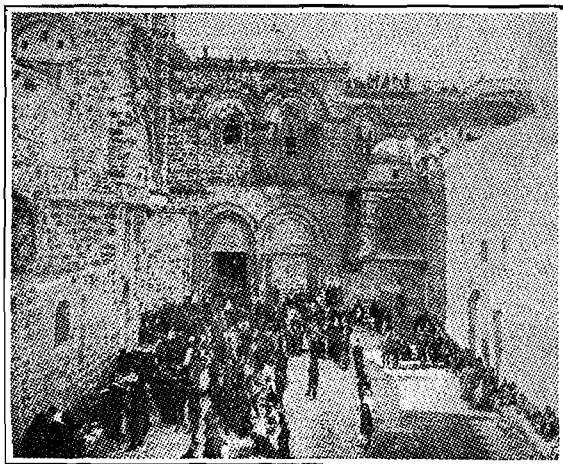
"Shout aloud salvation, and
We'll have another song."

was composed by Commissioner Railton. This is perhaps the Commissioner's most popular song, and one that has roused salvation meetings thousands of times to holy enthusiasm. It appears to have become a fixture in Salvation Army song books.

Others of his songs which are favourites are, "Angels are troubling the waters," "We mean to fight for Jesus," "We've all got to fight," "Who'll fight for the Lord everywhere?"

Those who know the Commissioner, will appreciate the songs all the more, because they see in him a real daring out-and-out Salvation Army fighter.

May God increase the number more and more.



Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This is supposed to be the site of the Sepulchre in which Christ lay for Three Days.

The Power of His Resurrection.

A Thrilling Story of the Mending of a Broken Heart.



It was Easter Sunday, in a Canadian village, and the bells of the three churches with which it was blessed, were pealing vigorously; announcing to the good folks of the place that service time was drawing nigh. Towards the Presbyterian kirk, in particular, a goodly crowd was hastening, for the settlers in that part of the country were mainly of Scotch descent, and clung tenaciously to the faith of their fathers. Many of them overtook a young couple, and did not fail to exchange peasant greetings with them. It was Angus McLean and his fair young bride, Jessie, and they were "appearing out," on this Sunday, as was the custom in those parts. How proud Angus felt with her by his side, and how happy was Jessie, as she clung to his arm and felt that now she had one whom she could love and respect.

This young girl had an affectionate nature, and, until she met Angus, had lavished all her love and care on her old widowed mother, to whom she had clung like ivy to a church tower. She did not allow her love for the stalwart young Scotch-Canadian, however, to lessen her devotion to her mother, and during what proved to be her last illness, she had tended her with all a daughter's loving care. Before she died, the old lady had laid her hands upon the heads of the young couple and given them her blessing. A year later they had taken each other "for better or for worse," and now, on this glorious Easter Sunday, they knelt together in the little church and genuinely gave thanks to God for all His goodness and mercy. Everything seemed bright and rosy to the young couple, and it seemed to them so fitting that they should be celebrating Easter on the Sunday after their marriage, for they had begun a new life—together.

By the following Easter, a new joy had come into Jessie's life, for a beautiful baby girl was born to her. She was a proud and happy mother, and all the world seemed bright. Then a dark shadow fell across her pathway. One day Angus met with a terrible accident, and they brought him home to her—dead. Poor Jessie, her grief was terrible. Days and nights of unspeakable agony followed, when a sense of utter loneliness oppressed her and almost made her life unendurable. At such times she would snatch her babe from its crib, fold it to her bosom, and look long and lovingly into the innocent little face. Then she would resolve to bravely face the world, and wrest a living from it for her babe and herself.

II.

Another Easter morn has dawned, and we find Jessie and her little one in a great city. The young widow has had a hard struggle to obtain suitable employment, but she has managed so far to keep the wolf from the door. Several ladies in the city had given her sewing and fancy-work to do, and she had also obtained some piece-work at various factories. It was at one of these latter places that she first met William Bennett. One of the factory girls introduced him to her—at his request—and he took good care to cultivate the acquaintance thus formed. He was, evidently, very much attracted towards Jessie, and she perceived it. At first she gave him no encouragement whatever, as Angus was constantly in her thoughts, and it seemed to her as if no one could ever take his place in her heart. By degrees, however, her new admirer won his way into her confidence, and she felt she was beginning to like him, though she would never admit that she could give him the same love that she had so freely bestowed on her

first lover.

"After all, why shouldn't I marry again?" she said to herself, after saying good-night to Will, who had called at her lodging house to urge his suit. "He seems to be fond of me, and I think I could learn to love him in time. Then, there is baby, and I am getting so alarmed about her. She seems to be getting ill, and I can't look after her properly while I have to work so hard all day. If she should get any worse, I suppose I would have to call in a doctor, and who is to pay his bill, I should like to know? It takes me all my time to get enough to pay the rent and buy food. Oh, dear, oh, dear, how dreadful it is to be poor; I am getting so tired of it all."

At that moment baby Jessie gave a fretful cry, and the vigilant mother was at her side in an instant.

"Sh—h—there dear—don't cry—mamma is here." She picked the little one up in her arms and gently rocked her, as she walked up and down the room. Presently the babe was fast asleep, and she laid it down in the cradle with a weary sigh.

"Working all the day and often sitting up half the night," she said to herself, "I am sure I can't stand this much longer. Yes, I have made up my mind what to do. I will marry Will. It seems fearful to me to take such a step from such motives, but it can't be helped. I was never made to stand alone, I am sure, if I can't cling to someone for support, I sink helpless to the ground."

On the following night, therefore, Will was gladdened by being accepted as Jessie's second husband. With surprising celerity he arranged all the formalities, and on the next day he called to take Jessie to the registrar's office.

"My, you're in a mighty big hurry, Will, aren't you?" exclaimed the girl.

"Well, there is no use delaying, after your mind's made up, is there?" was the reply of the impetuous young man, and, without further ado, he caught hold of her arm and marched her off down the street. As they turned into one of the main thoroughfares, two men approached them. Grasping hold of Will, one of them said, "You're the man we're after, you'd better come quietly with us." Then, addressing Jessie, he said, "You'd better go home my girl, this man has deserted three wives already, and you're lucky that you're not the fourth." Then the two detectives, for such they were, marched the guilty wretch away, while poor Jessie stood in a dazed condition on the sidewalk.

III.

It is a week later. In the comfortless little room that Jessie called home, lies a tiny coffin, while beside it sits the weeping form of a woman.

"Oh, my baby, my baby," she wails, "now you are gone, too, and I have nothing left to live for. Oh, I wish I were dead also."

Yes, baby Jessie is dead. Too true were the suspicions of the mother, for dyptheria has seized her little babe, and she had been called away to that Better Land, by the All-Wise God. Yet Jessie did not think of that. She only brooded over her loss and felt rebellious in her heart against the decrees of Providence.

When the funeral was all over, and she returned once more to her desolate lodgings, it seemed to the lonely, heart-broken woman that all her hopes had been buried with that tiny form. The world looked black and cold, and dreary to her now. A few short years ago it seemed so bright. She was disturbed in her mournful meditations by the heavy tread of the landlady, who brutally informed her that unless she paid up the room rent that was owing, she would have to go out into the streets.

She had no money, for her last cent had been expended in paying the undertaker's bill. She pleaded to be allowed to stay for another week, by which time she might have a chance of earning something, but the heartless landlady would not listen to such a proposal, and out poor Jessie had to go. Friendless, homeless and penniless, in a great city—what a sad plight! As Jessie wandered aimlessly along the street, she passed a saloon, whence issued sounds of music and dancing, and an irresistible longing to be where it was bright and gay came over her. She ventured inside, and saw an assembly of men and women dancing together.

"D'ye want a partner, gel?" said a coarse voice close to her.

She instinctively shrunk away from the man, a great rough sailor, and a look of pity came into his eyes.

"Sy! you're not used to this, I guess," he said, "I thought you was one of the regulars. Wot yer doin' here, gel?"

"Oh, please, sir, I'm so tired and hungry, and I've got nowhere to go," said Jessie.

"Gee whiz! here's a go," exclaimed the sailor. He then beckoned to the proprietor of the saloon, and that worthy was soon on the spot.

"Here's a gel that's in trouble," said the sailor, who was really a kind-hearted fellow, in spite of his rough exterior, "can you help her out?"

"Why, certainly, certainly," said the saloon-keeper, "just go in there, my dear." He pointed to a room at the back of the bar, and Jessie, glad to find any refuge, quickly made her way thither and sank down on a comfortable lounge. Thus it came to pass, that she was engaged by the saloon-keeper to play the piano at the nightly concerts and dances held in his place.

IV.

Yet another Easter Sunday. The Salvation Army in the city, is early astir, and the strains of "Up from the grave He arose," awoke the echoes as the Band marches through the principal streets. The sound awoke Jessie, and she sat up in bed and listened.

"What was that? It must be Easter Sunday." Then the memory of another Easter, when she had so proudly walked to church with Angus, came to her, and she wept bitter tears.



"How Proud Angus Felt with Her by His Side."

What a change had taken place in Jessie since that day! Sorrow and bereavement, disappointment and heart-ache, had left their mark upon her, but worse than that, she had fallen into a slough of sin into which she was sinking deeper and deeper each day. When she first undertook to play at the dances, out of gratitude for what the saloon-keeper had done for her, she was horrified at the sights and sounds she had to endure. She steeled herself to the task, however, and soon began to get familiar with the place and its people. Before long, no one would have mistaken her for anything else but one of the "regulars," as the sailor had styled the unhappy women found in these places.

Oh! the shame of it. Poor Jessie wept afresh as she realised to what depths she had sunk. The Salvationists by this time, had arrived right under her window, and she peeped out at them. "They believe in God," she said, "My mother believed in God, Angus believed too, and baby Jessie—ah! I am sure she has gone to be with God, and I, oh, God, have mercy upon me!"

That afternoon the Officer in charge of the local Corps, was surprised to see an unexpected visitor at his door. It was Jessie. She had come to see if The Salvation Army could help her. Very patiently and tenderly the Officer dealt with the erring woman, and at last had the joy of pointing her to the Saviour. That was a happier Easter for Jessie than even the one on which she "appeared out," for as she arose from her knees, she could say with shining face:

"In my soul an Easter morning,
I am Christ's, and Christ is mine."

Since that time she has gone bravely forward, as a patient, lowly Soldier of Jesus, seeking to win others to the One who loved her so, even when she was far from Him, and with a bright hope of meeting her loved ones in Glory.



You're the Man we are After.

The Praying League

Pray that The General, whose eightieth birthday we celebrate to-day, may be spared in health for many years to come.

* * *

Saturday, April 11th.—Budding of Aaron's Rod. Numbers xvi. 41-48.

Sunday, April 11th.—Forgetting to Honour God. Numbers xx. 1-28.

Monday, April 12th.—Look and Live Numbers xxi. 4-35.

Tuesday, April 13th.—Invited to Curse Numbers xxii. 1-19.

Wednesday, April 14th.—Saved by H's Ass. Numbers xxii. 20-33.

Thursday, April 15th.—Obligated to Bless Numbers xxii. 36-41; xxiii. 1-11.

Friday, April 16th.—Plans and Failures Numbers xxiii. 13-27; xxiv. 1, 2.

Saturday, April 17th.—Israel's Glory Numbers xxiv. 3-19.

* * *

THERE IS NO DEATH IN HEAVEN

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

"And there shall be no more death"

"There is no death in Heaven:

For those who gain that shore

Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more."

To the Christian, death is robbed of all its sting since Christ has passed through its grim portals and it is but the vestibule through which he passes from time into God's presence, for "the veil that conceals Heaven is only our embodied existence, and, though fearfully and wonderfully made, is wrought out of our frail mortality. So slight is it that the puncture of a thorn, the touch of an insect's sting, the breath of an infected atmosphere may make it shake and fall."

But even when death comes to the waiting saint at the eventide of life, there is something about it from which we shrink; and to the great majority death is a dark alley-way into a mysterious uncertainty.

It is dreaded, feared, for does not its coming shatter all earthly plans and arrangements, sunder all human ties, snatch the fairest flowers from our gardens, the choicest lambs from our folds; does it not blight the brightest hopes, shadow the happiest homes and separate the most precious loves; does not its gloomy pall, hanging over the chamber, hush the sweetest voice, chase away the sunniest smile and throw dark clouds across the bluest sky? But in that celestial land there are no graves, no potter's fields, no broken links, no empty seats, no family circles severed by the unexpected entrance of death. No death, no separations, no heart-pangs and loneliness, no tears of bitter sorrow, no sweet baby voices silenced, no mothers' arms aching for the darlings of their affections.

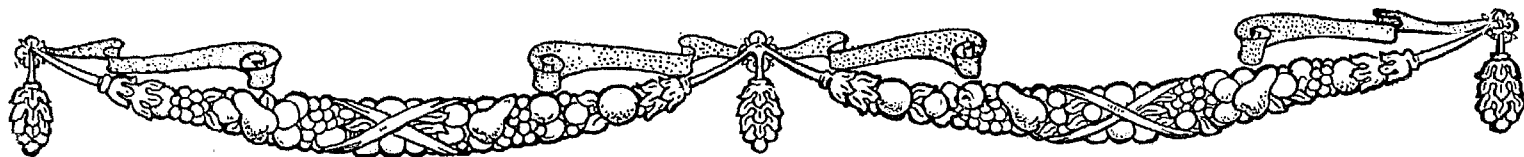
Oh, thrice blessed land, upon whose golden pavements the slow procession of death never passes, and where the funeral dirge is never heard! Bright heavenly mansions, whose blinds are never drawn because of the blackness of grief within. No death, no sorrow, no tears. Oh, bliss unequalled! Heaven of life, joyous, undying, pulsating life—"this mortal shall have put on immortality."

Converted Drunkard Stirred the Town.

In a certain English town lived a young man who was fast going to destruction. He had a praying father and mother, but poor Tom was the black sheep of the family, and was often carried off to the police station for drunkenness.

One day, as he was contemplating ending his wretched life by plunging into the sea, someone came and touched him on the shoulder. Tom looked up with a start, and saw the kindly face of a Salvationist. Shortly afterwards he was again being taken to the police station, but a different look was on his face, for it was for Christ's sake.

He had been to The Army and got converted, had gone forth as an Army Officer, and had been arrested because of the great stir that had been made in the town. Drunkards had been saved by scores, the liquor men had got alarmed, and things were pretty lively for a while, but Tom came off more than conqueror. What a marvellous change!



The General's 80th Birthday

**HOW CAN IT BE CELEBRATED IN A MANNER MOST PLEASING TO
 OUR BELOVED LEADER?**

Thus; By Making this Eastertide a time of Supreme Effort for the Salvation of Sinners—The
 Restoration of Backsliders—The Providing of Institutions for the Benefiting
 of the Poor and the Fallen.

THIS WILL HONOUR GOD, AND PLEASE THE GENERAL.



HE Commissioner desires that the General's approaching Eightieth Birthday shall be celebrated in a manner which all must agree is in complete harmony with the practices and purposes of his life hitherto. As will be gathered he yearns for the Glory of his Master, and the extension of the Kingdom of God as manifested in a great universal advance of the Salvation Army. The Saving of Sinners from the wrath to come has, from early youth to his eightieth year, ever been the General's passion, but not only by his own individual efforts, for no man living has done more to create opportunities for men and women of every class to engage in Soul-Saving Work than he. Tens of thousands who never thought of being labourers in Christ's vineyard are such to day through the facilities afforded by the Salvation Army.

Comrade, in no way can you give the General greater joy than by re-consecrating yourself afresh to God, and going in whole heartedly for soul-saving this Easter!

The restoration of backsliders has ever been a joy to the General. What a number of Peters, Demases and Gehazis there are in the world to day who, through a sudden fear, or a sudden temptation, or a coldness, have gone back to the world, and often, like Peter, go out and weep bitterly; and with recollections of their old love remaining, follow from afar. A determined sympathetic effort to get these comrades to return to the Lord and have the joys of their salvation restored, will gladden the heart of our General beyond measure. Will you lay yourself out for this in connection with the Birthday Celebrations?

Work amongst the Juniors; applying for Officership; undertaking Corps Duties; these things will be Gifts indeed to the General.

But there is work of a material character in which those who do not march under the Yellow, Red and Blue can take part, for the Salvation Army has been of untold blessing to others than those who march in its ranks. Dr. Wilbur Chapman, under whom a marvellous work of soul-saving has been accomplished in Boston, states that he owes his soul-saving zeal to the Salvation Army; Gipsy Smith, another successful Revivalist, as is well known, was led into this work by the Army; while Dr. Campbell Morgan openly states that the Army led him into the light of sanctification. Present day pastors, evangelists and church members in their thousands have been saved or sanctified through the operations of the Army.

But there are others. Hundreds of persons in almost every walk of life inform our Officers that a prodigal son, or brother, or friend who had sunk to the swine's trough has been restored to home and honour, through the Grace of God, and the ministrations of the Army. Or, of a daughter, a sister or a dear friend, who had been heartlessly wronged, but had been benefited in the darkest hour by Salvationists.

All such who desire to join us in celebrating the Eightieth Birthday of our Leader can do so by co-operating in the general plan set out on this page.

These arrangements are in accordance with the will of Him whose glorious death and resurrection, we, at this time, commemorate. For His sake we also plead that all our readers will this Eastertide, on which falls the General's Birthday, do something towards gratifying the desires of the General for the extension of God's Kingdom and the Salvation of the lost.

GOD BLESS THE GENERAL!

LINES TO THE GENERAL ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

DEAR GENERAL, we, thy comrades in the War,
With banner'd ranks, and stirring trumpet peals,
And hearts that throb with loyalty and love,
Acclaim our joy that this thy Natal Day
Still finds thee with us, and yet, as of old,
Mighty in conflict and in council great.
Hail! General, hail! From the whole round earth
A million voices greet thee, and a million hearts
Praise God for sparing thee unto thy people;
A million hands would fain grasp thine
In true affection's grip. The drum-beats come
From lands of palm and pine, and North and South
Loud jubilate on this thy Natal Day.

For thou, as Christ's ambassador to man,
Hast called us from the loom, the plough, the forge,
And in our hands didst place the Spirit's sword
Which thou didst bid us wield, and show'dst us how—
Thou mightiest soul-winner of thy time!
So thousands in each clime have bent the knee
To Christ, our Lord; and from a million homes
Gaunt Misery and foul-faced Sin have fled,
And joy now reigns where once was want and woe.
For this our shouts ascend, the trumpets peal,
And with the joyous acclamations rise
Fervent prayers that God will spare thee long
To bless the living races of the world.

J. B.

The General's Eightieth Birthday

SOME REFLECTIONS THEREON BY THE COMMISSIONER

THE date inscribed on this special Easter number of the War Cry is that of The General's Birthday. On the 10th of April The General will be eighty years old, or, as he playfully puts it, "eighty years young." The season is to me one for profound gratitude to Almighty God for His preservation of our dear General, and a time for retrospection and reflection on the most extraordinary career I have ever known.

In reviewing his remarkable past, scenes from it come before me in contrasts. I see him on that hot July night returning from the East End of London. His great mind and compassionate heart work in unison as he decides that his destiny is among the spiritually destitute of that locality. I see him as he exultantly tells the Mother of The Salvation Army that he has "found his destiny," and consecrates himself, body, soul and spirit, for the salvation of the poor.

Another scene comes before me—this time it is a memory. A mighty gathering has assembled in the Guild Hall of the City of London. That stately edifice—wherein kings, emperors and princes of the blood delight to be entertained—is honoured by the presence of The General. There he stands, amidst the civic grandeur and old-world pageantry, listening to the sonorous eloquence of the City Chamberlain as he recounts the good work done which demands that The General shall be presented with the freedom of the greatest city this world has ever known.

Another vision comes out of the mists of the years. I see The General leading his little band of earnest warriors in Shoreditch and Whitechapel, making strenuous efforts for the salvation of those who live in spiritual ignorance, and being gloriously successful in it.

The scene melts away. In its place I see that spacious Temple in the Strand, to which, with bands, and banners, and drums, march Salvation Army Delegates. They come from the uttermost ends of the earth—from the palmy plains of India; from the kraal of the south and the snow-house of the north; from the cities and towns [Continued on page 15.]

April 10, 1908, to April 10, 1909

A GLANCE AT THE EIGHTIETH YEAR OF THE GENERAL'S LIFE

FEW men have been enabled to perform a greater amount of real hard work in their eightieth year than our beloved General, and a passing glance at his journeyings, the far-reaching importance of the work he has undertaken, and the variety of its character, may not be without interest just now, when we are about to celebrate our grand old Leader's Birthday.

On Friday, April 10th, 1908, The General spoke at a great Birthday meeting held in the Queen's Hall, London, England. Amongst the tributes to The General that were read or spoken in that meeting, none reached a higher height of soul-moving eloquence than that of The General's eldest son, the Chief of the Staff. The following extract from his address so truly voices the feelings of thousands in our borders that we make no apology for repeating it here:—

"And then, General, if you will allow me to say so, we rest also our love and admiration and confidence for you upon the fact that, when you started out to assuage the sorrows and heal the wounds of the human hearts around you, you



wounds of the human hearts around you, you took our Lord Jesus Christ as the great Remedy. (Enthusiastic applause.) In seeking the salvation of the sinful, while others cried "Church! church!" and "ordination" and "ceremony," you have answered always, "Christ, Christ!" While others have sought for new laws, and purer politics, and better Parliaments, you have adhered to your life-long cry, "Salvation, Salvation!" (Volleys.) While others have cried out for education and recreation, and a hundred other means for blessing men, you have said, "This is a better way. Bring them to God, to God in Christ, to Christ crucified!" And so I say tonight, for these reasons, as well as the broad fact that you are the spiritual father of so many of us, we love you and trust you, and we want you to live as long as ever you can. (Rapturous applause, during which The General rose from his chair and acknowledged the greetings.)

During the next two months, The General toured extensively throughout the British Field, conducting his famous week-end campaigns. In connection with The General's meetings throughout the year, we gather from the reports which appeared in the British War Cry, that large numbers of persons came to the mercy seat for salvation and sanctification; these meetings being attended by tens of thousands of all classes.

The British Staff Councils, held at Clapton, on June 12-13, were remarkable for spiritual blessing and wise counsel, but notably so for the glorious declaration made by The General to the 650 Staff Officers present, that—"WE MUST HOLD ON TO THE ATONEMENT." Amidst the mists of doubt and secularism that enshroud the world, how good it is to have standing clear-cut and sharp against the blue sky of eternal truth, one giant peak like The General, to which all men may look, and by it direct the course of their faith.

Almost immediately following the Staff Councils, The General set out on another of the now historic and popular motor-car campaigns, the object of which is to visit the small towns and villages of rural Britain, and thus give those a chance to see and hear The General, who, otherwise, would not be able to. Of course, the first and last thought of The General concerning these tours, is that they may be made the means of inspiring and sanctifying his people and bringing salvation to the lost.

This campaign started at Dundee, Scotland, on June 20th, and finished in the Crystal Palace, London, on Saturday, July 25th. The following extract from the British Cry, gives some idea of the splash that the visit of The General makes in the still waters of ruraldom:—

"Provosts and Mayors, Bailies and Town Clerks, Ministers and Justices of the Peace have vied with each other in the endeavour to put into words, the genuine pleasure which whole communities feel, at the opportunity presented of seeing, hearing, and thanking our Leader.

The loving receptions given The General by his own people everywhere, have been truly phenomenal. One man at Berwick cycled forty miles to look on his face. As typifying those who wanted to see him, but could not get, there was little more telling evidence anywhere than the silent eloquence of a Bandsman's jacket hung on a nail outside a wayside cottage! Four little mites of children pointed gleefully at it as if to tell The General their dad belonged to him, while from the lattice-window overhead, waved a thin hand, and a wan but happy face seemed to hint that another Messenger would shortly pass that way."

Thus, the fifth motor-car campaign, finished amid the rejoicings of tens of thousands of Salvationists and others, engaged in celebrating the 43rd Anniversary of The Army, at the Crystal Palace. A writer describing the arrival of The General, says: "The flags of all nations bathe the crystal sides of the great building, in a flood of colour. The orchestra is like a modern burning bush. A holy uproar bursts forth as the White Car appears with its chief occupant—looking the embodiment of unaffectedness, simplicity and fatherliness."

The following figures connected with the campaigns, give some idea of what they stand for:—

In all, The General has travelled, during 165 days, approximately, 8,000 miles; held 495 indoor meetings, at which he has addressed 500,000 people; spoken to 150 gatherings by the wayside, and Civic Corporations—or another million souls.

It is estimated that at least nine million people have come out into streets, squares, lanes, and highways to have a look at the White Car and cheer our Leader as he has passed by.

The General has, in addition to all this, spoken in numerous prisons, workhouses and schools. And, most marvellous of all, not once has The General missed an engagement.

But not only did he receive a welcome home, but was also bidden God-speed on his departure for South Africa, for on Saturday, August 8th, he sailed in the "Walmer Castle," for the Cape.

Two days before sailing, The General visited the House of Commons, and visited the leading statesmen at St. Stephens, including the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Balfour, the Marquis of Salisbury, and others. This was in connection with his visit to South Africa.

On August 25th The General arrived in South Africa. The campaign was of a most successful character. He addressed a huge gathering of five thousand Zulus, and made a flying trip to Rhodesia. During his twelve weeks' absence, he travelled nearly eighteen thousand miles.

which necessitated his spending thirty-three days and nights at sea and fifteen days and nights on rattling trains—often with the thermometer ranging ninety-eight degrees in the cars. He conducted sixty-four meetings, and transacted a very large amount of business, and arrived in London, on March 1st, not feeling any the worse for his journey.

The next campaign which The General undertook was in Germany, which began on November 20th, and lasted for six days. His visit was a series of triumphs, and showed that The Salvation Army in Germany is making splendid progress. On Repentance Day, in the Circus Busch, there were 336 seekers for salvation and sanctification.

After two or three week-end campaigns on the British Field, The General, on the 16th of December, was operated upon, for lenticular cataract on the right eye. The operation was successfully performed, and amongst the many messages received by our Leader, was one from Her Gracious Majesty Queen Alexandra, who telegraphed thus: "Have felt so much for you, and hope operation successful; trust you are getting on towards complete recovery, and the sight you need so much will soon be completely restored."

By the blessing of God, The General's sight has been restored.

On February 8th, just before His Majesty King Edward VII. proceeded on his historic visit to Germany, he sent a very gracious letter to The General, enclosing a gift of a hundred guineas towards The Army's funds. A few days later The General was received by the Prince and Princess of Wales, at Marlborough House. The interview lasted an hour and twenty minutes.

The warmth with which The General was received, and the kindly manner in which his words were listened to were very marked. Their Royal Highnesses were much gratified by the reports which The General gave of the progress of The Salvation Army work in the United Kingdom, and many other parts of the world, questioning him in detail with regard to particular departments. It was evident that the wide and varied ramifications of The Army were a matter of much interest to both the Prince and the Princess.

At the termination of the interview the Prince intimated his desire that The General should convey to the Officers and Soldiers of The Salvation Army His Royal Highnesses' congratulations on The Army's success, and his warm wishes for its still greater advance in every part of the world. The Princess associated herself, with the Prince's generous words.

Before and after the interview various members of their Royal Highnesses' suite warmly greeted The General, and nothing could have exceeded the kindness and cordiality with which the veteran leader of The Army was received.

The Prince followed up the interview by a kindly worded letter, enclosing a donation of fifty guineas.

Towards the end of February The General entered upon a very extended Scandinavian campaign, in which he visited sixteen towns and cities. The campaign concluded on March 25th, and was remarkably owned of God in the conversion of sinners, the sanctification of believers, helping the onward march of The Salvation Army.

His next public effort would be in connection with his eightieth birthday celebration. God bless The General.

How The General is regarded by leaders of thought, and men of standing, may be gathered from the fact that in an address delivered by Judge Longley to the Dartmouth Literary Society, he said:—

The man whom he considered the greatest living man in the world to-day, however, was General William Booth, the head of The Salvation Army. If he could choose what kind of a reputation he would leave behind him, it would be like that of William Booth. From a very small beginning, General Booth was now the head of a religious order whose fame was world-wide, and one that everywhere was doing good work. "If," said Judge Longley, "thirty years ago I had begun at beating a drum in The Salvation Army, I would be better to-day than with all the offices the Dominion Government could bestow upon me."

At The General's 79th birthday he gave the following remarkable figures, which related to the last seven days of his 79th year. They will give some idea of the work of The Army will be doing from April 3rd to 10th, 1909:—

The Army has been preaching salvation in thirty-two different languages, in at least fifty-two countries and colonies.

It has held in its Halls no less than forty-six thousand meetings, attended by 1,400,000 people. Thirty thousand meetings were also held in the open-air, attended by two million people, so that 3,400,000 people have had preached to them the truth about time, eternity, the Judgment Bar, and the crucifixion and resurrection of our Lord.

Three hundred thousand addresses have been given, while 367,000 prayers have been offered asking God Almighty to send salvation down upon them, and as a result of these prayers no less than 5,600 souls have knelt at the mercy-seat.

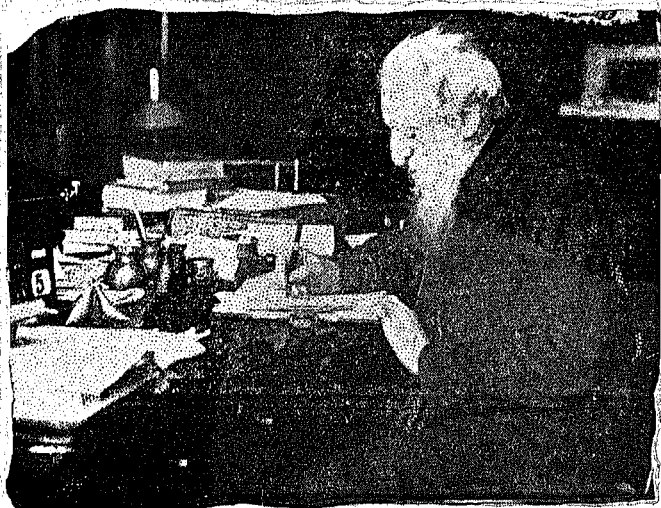
During the same week our Officers and Soldiers visited 15,000 public-houses, by means of which we reached another half-million. One hundred drunkards were at the mercy seat seeking salvation.

Music and singing have been taught to more than twenty thousand individuals. Twenty thousand Bandsmen tramped, during the week, eighty-five thousand miles, playing their salvation strains.

Continued on page 22.



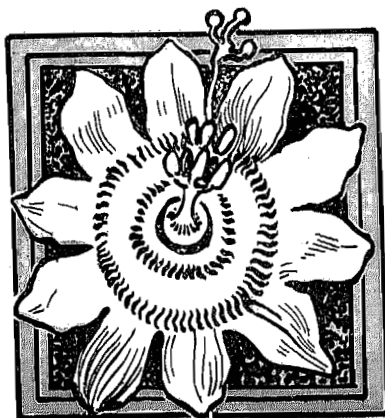
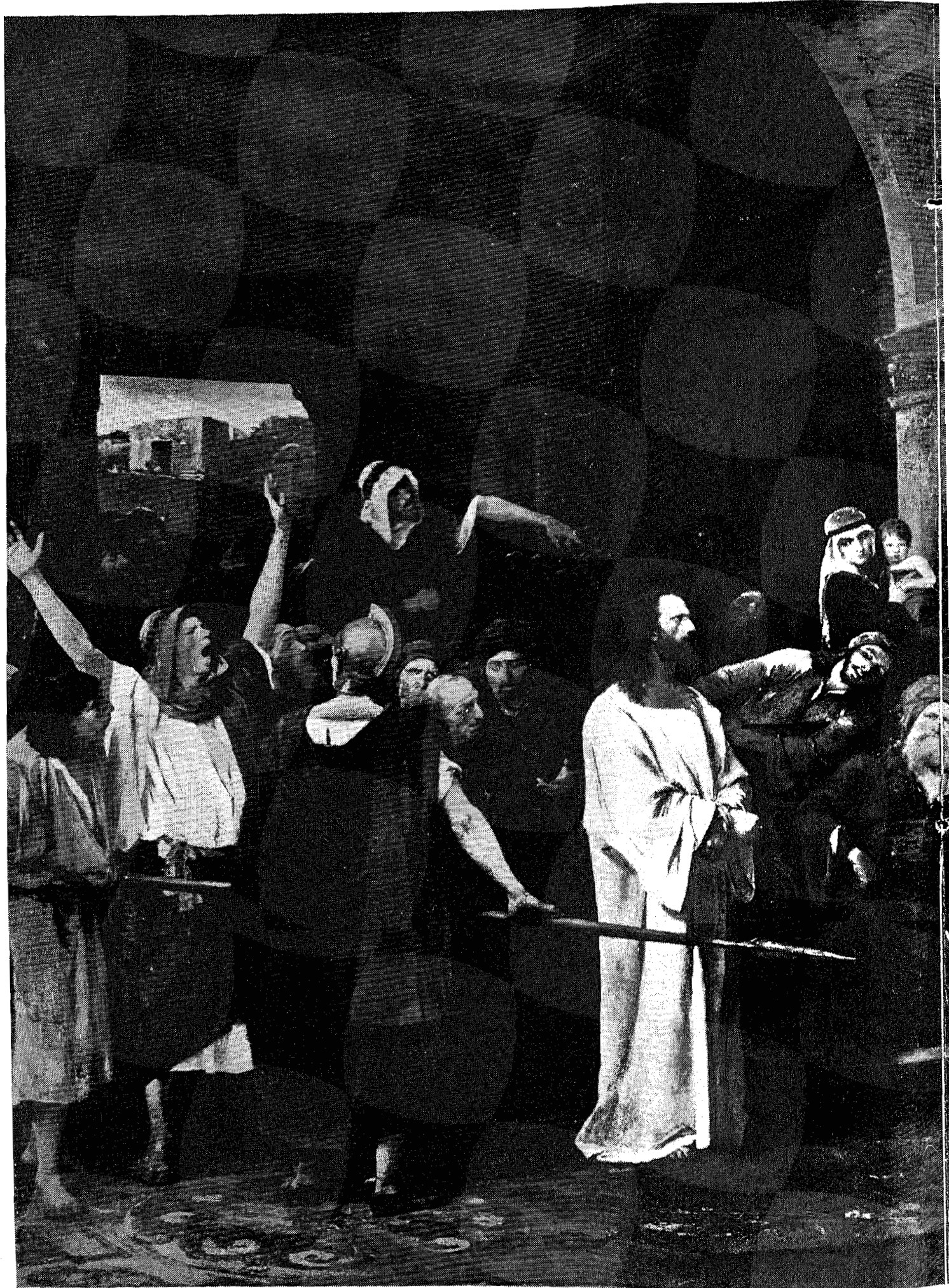
SCENES FROM THE GENERAL'S DAILY LIFE.



1. The General on his Motor Car Campaign addressing the inmates of a workhouse.
2. The General at his home, Hadley Wood, ready for a stroll with a favourite companion.
3. On a visit to the Continent of Europe—with Colonels Ogrim and Mapp in Christiania.

4. Engaged on literary work—The General is a voluminous writer.
5. The General at the House of Commons—The Hon. W. Kitson, Premier of Queensland; The Rt. Hon. Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer. (Photo by Sir B. J. Stone.)

6. Off to South Africa—The General bidding good-bye to the Chief of the Staff at Waterloo Station, London.
7. The General in South Africa—Visiting a native settlement. The building is a new Training Institution.



CHRIST BEFORE

THE LATE M. D.

(Reproduced by Permission of the Owner of the

AND the whole multitude of them arose, and led Him, saying, We found this fellow perverting Caesar, saying that He Himself is Christ a King of the Jews? And He answered him and the chief priests and to the people, I find no fault in



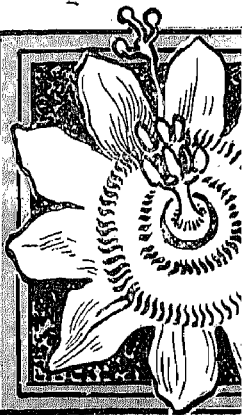
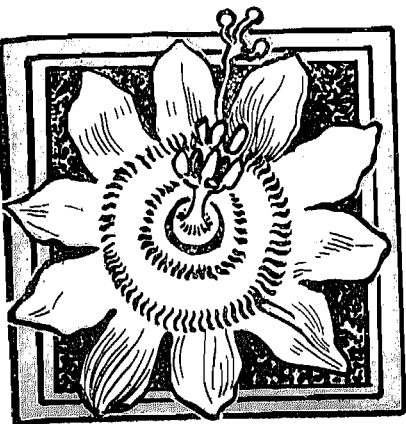
CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

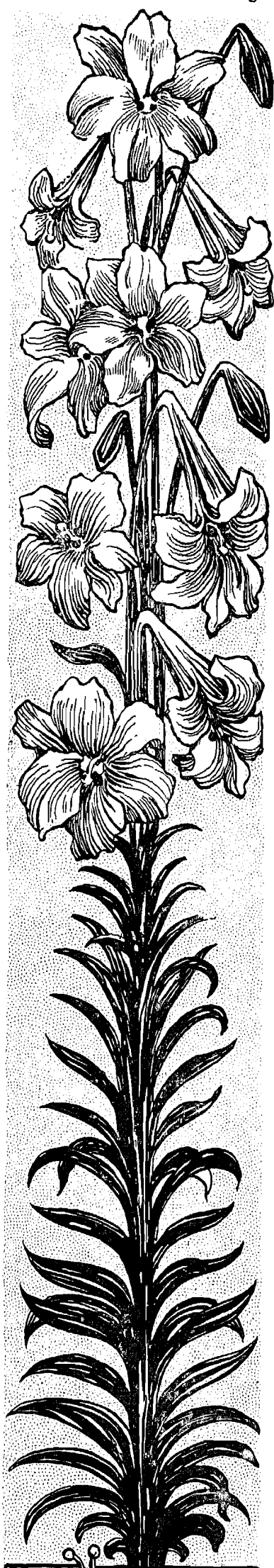
THE LATE M. DE M'NKACSY.

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AND the whole multitude of them arose, and led Him unto Pilate. And they began to accuse Him, saying, We found this fellow perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, saying that He Himself is Christ a King. And Pilate asked Him, saying, Art Thou the King of the Jews? And He answered him and said, Thou sayest it. Then said Pilate to the chief priests and to the people, I find no fault in this man.

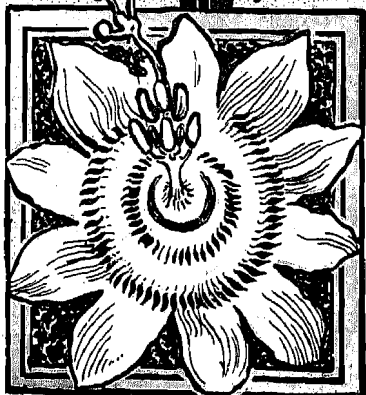
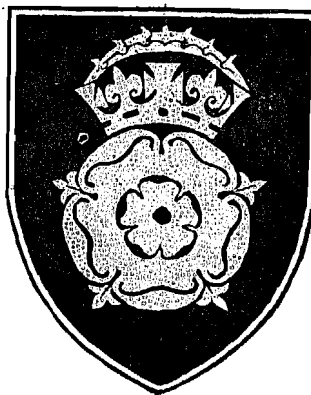
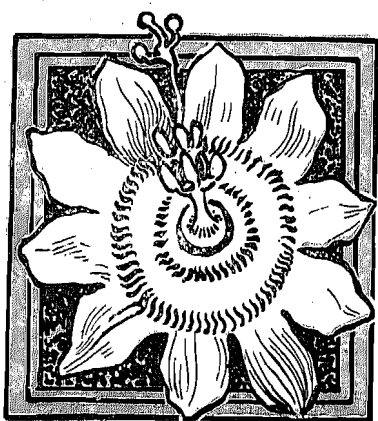
Luke xxiii. 1-4.





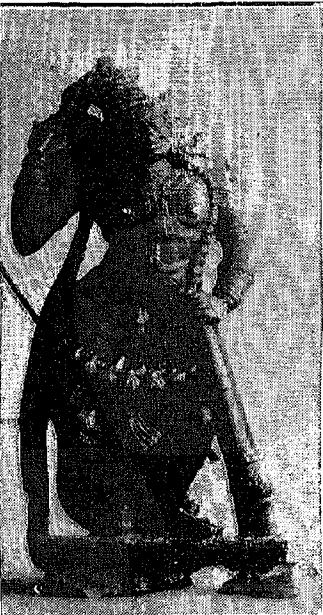
ORE PILATE.

MUNKACSY.
Copyright, Monsieur Charles Sedelmeyer, Paris.)
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the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to
And Pilate asked Him, saying, Art Thou the
aid, Thou sayest it. Then said Pilate to the
this man.
Luke xxiii. 1-4.



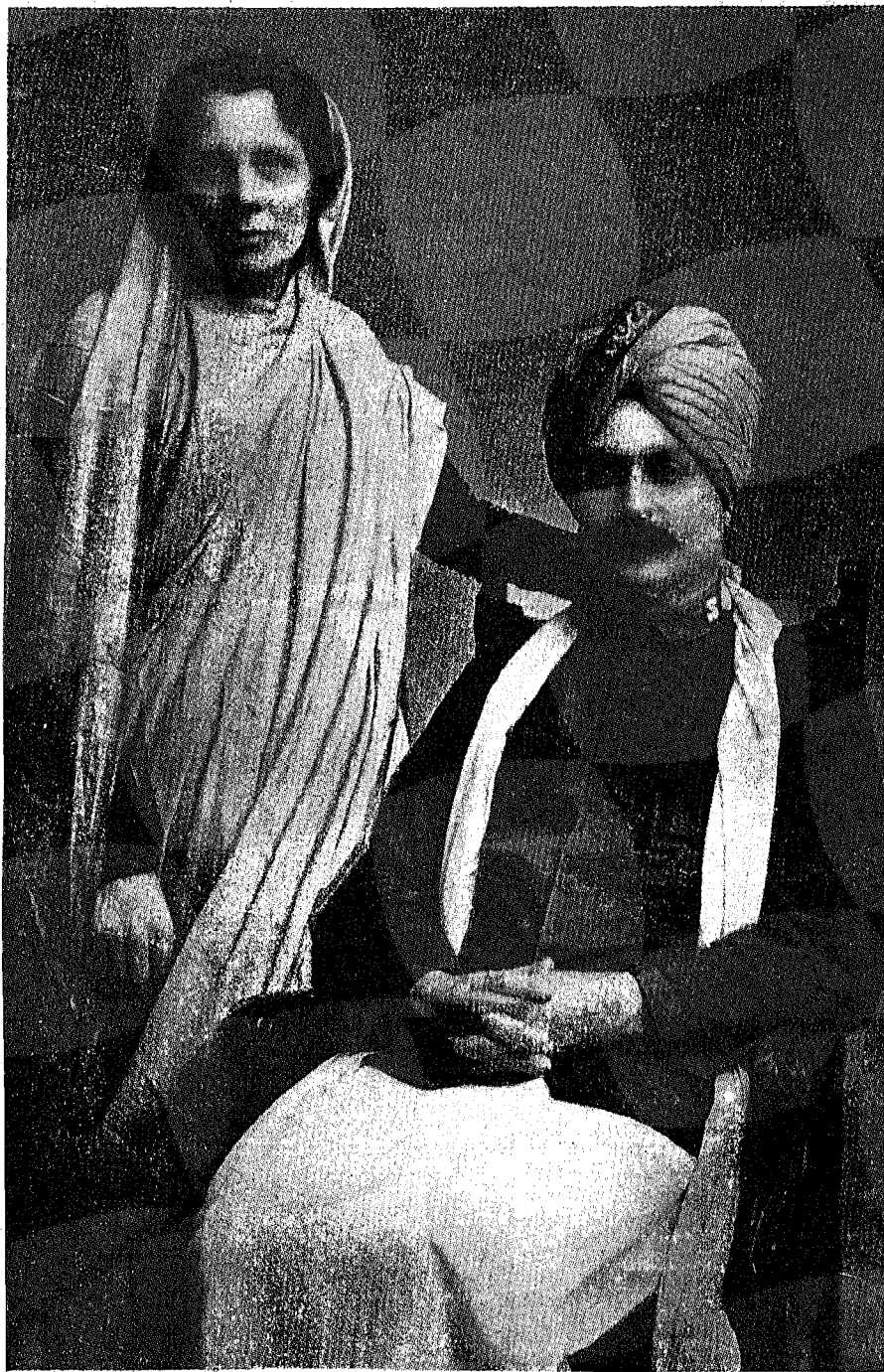
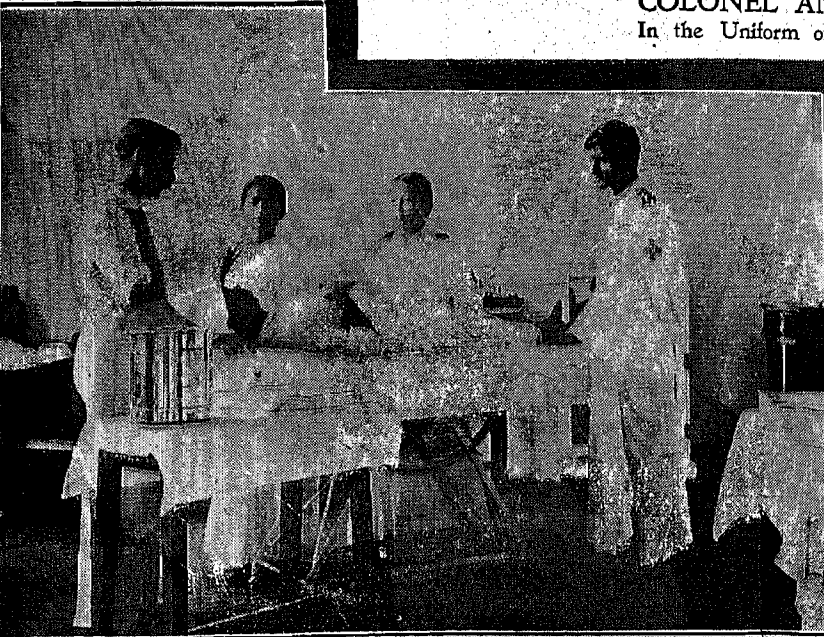


Local Officers in the Punjab.



Idols That Have Been Worshipped for Gen-

Our Medical Missionaries at Work.



COLONEL AND MRS. MAPP,
In the Uniform of the Army in India.

Types of Thousands of Others.



erations—Now Hand-
ed to The Army.

Demolition of a
Heathen Temple.



A SOUL'S PRAYER AGONY.

SOME EASTER THOUGHTS

ONE of the most powerfully pathetic word-pictures in the Bible story of the life of our Lord is the account of His prayer agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, when, all alone in His struggle, He sweat as it were great drops of blood. To be alone—His disciples had fallen asleep, being unable, through weariness, to watch with Him—was in itself a trial of crushing force, for is not loneliness one of the most trying as well as one of the saddest experiences in one's life? And when we remember that He was man as well as God—and as man felt all that poor human hearts feel at such times; that upon Him rested the weight of the world's sin; that He was to bear in His own body the guilt of the whole world, and that this was the culminating point of the struggle, the spot where He must win or lose the day, one can quite understand how severe would be the strain and how great the conquest.

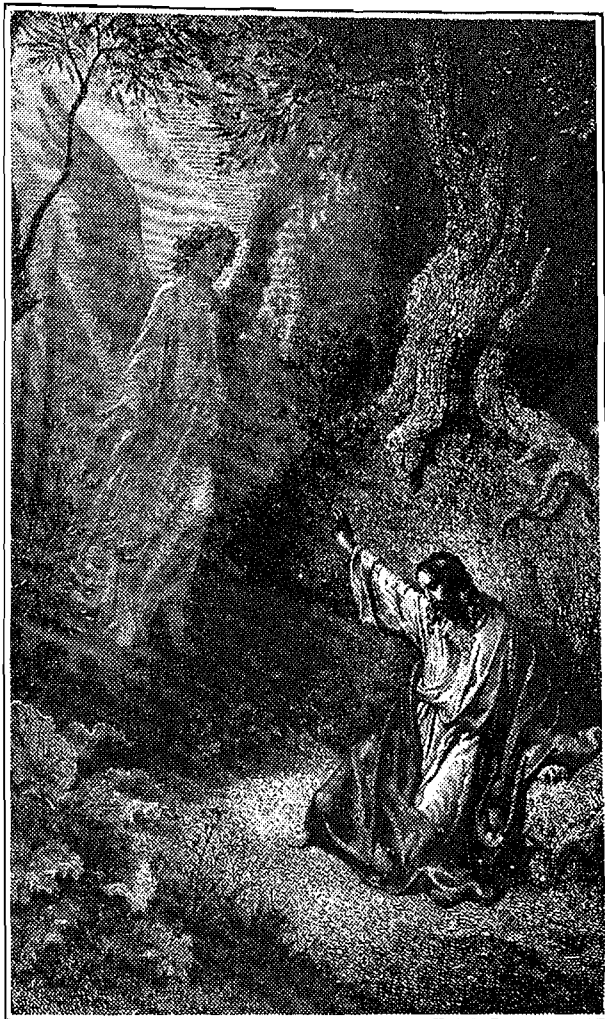
He won—of course He did. Our Hallelujahs ascend to God a thousand times, and will yet ascend again and again. In fact, Eternity will be too short to magnify our Christ because in that hour He triumphed. He put the cup to His lips, drank to the dregs, and uttered words that have been, and will be, an inspiration to the whole world, and an example to God's saints and soldiers all through the ages because He showed through them how He bowed to the will of His Father, saying, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

He vanquished doubt, triumphed over devils, gained strength for His trial and Calvary's journey, and went to the finish; then to the right hand of God, where He now is as an Intercessor for the world for which He died, and where He waits to welcome in that day when He numbers up His jewels, those whom He redeemed by His blood.

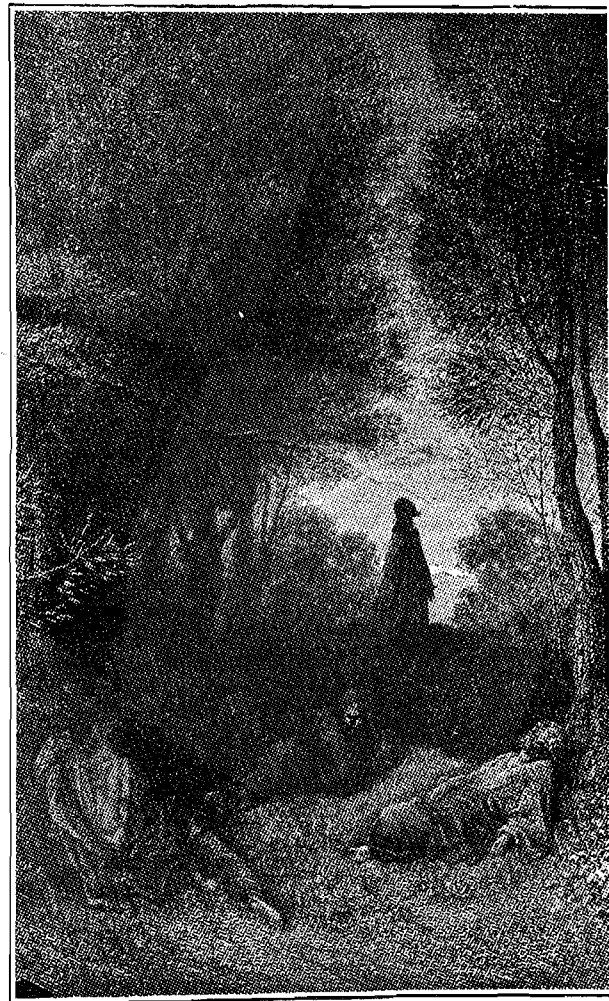
While I have thought of all this and more in connection with the celebration of His Gethsemane experience, the thought has come to me over and over again that all followers of Jesus Christ have their Gethsemane; and that in their own way they must face experiences which bring forth those prayers, mixed with agony, like our Lord Himself underwent. In looking back over my own experience, and reviewing my own dealings with men, I see how utterly impossible it is for the servant to escape from experiences akin to his Lord's. There are crosses to take up, and Calvary hills to climb in the "Dying Daily" life, and it will most certainly bring the follower of Jesus Christ to his knees in secret to pour out his soul to his God, and to get the triumph his heart so much desires. True, the crosses men carry are not all alike. What might be a little mound to me might be a mountain to my brother, and yet we each have to come to that point where our submission is complete, and our neck goes under the yoke, and we say for ourselves, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

Then, do we not have to go through this Gethsemane praying all alone? Do we not find that our dearest ones cannot go with us? Are we not often face to face with the fact that as much as they love us, they cannot enter this sacred ground? We have to fight it out alone. And if this is so for ourselves in the trials that come to us in our daily walk with Him, is it not so in our struggle for the souls of men? When brought into contact with the careless, godless crowd, and we see them pass by Jesus Christ without a thought or care, do we not have the same feelings to go through, and in the same agony of spirit cry out to God for help, when alone in the night seasons, as well as in the day time, that the enemy of indifference and doubt may be conquered and the will of God done in the hearts of men.

Even as Jesus Himself could not go up to



THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.
"And there appeared an angel unto Him from Heaven, strengthening Him."



PRAYER OF JESUS IN THE GARDEN OF OLIVES.
"Not My will, but Thine, be done."

BY THE COMMISSIONER.

His Calvary for the salvation of men without His Gethsemane, so we cannot get the careless crowds to turn their eyes to the Christ and accept the salvation bought freely by His Blood without the agony of travailing in birth for them, but the Word of God declares that "when Zion travails she shall bring forth." Courage, then, ye hosts of God. Remember your vows of loyalty and devotion to your Lord. Let no cross or sacrifice hinder or retard your progress. He who gave Himself a sacrifice for sin and made it possible for all men to be saved will triumph, for is it not written, "Every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess that Jesus is Lord to the glory of God the Father"? Even as His Gethsemane was not in vain, neither will yours be. All hail the power of Jesus Name!

THE GENERAL'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

(Continued from page 9.)

of the mighty Americas; the Australian Commonwealth, and the ancient cities of the Old World. They come for worship and for counsel, and with them worship tens of thousands of the British race.

Yet another scene. I see The General climbing the rickety staircase that leads to the attic home of the humble convert, visiting the sick and comforting the poor.

And yet another visit. This time he enters the courtyard of a royal palace. By Royal Command he visits his gracious sovereigns, and tells King Edward and Queen Alexandra what great things God has wrought.

We see by these things how true God's Word is when He says, "Them that honour Me I will honour." The General, obedient in the day of small things, has been led by God into "a larger place." This is one lesson of The General's life which we shall do well to take to heart. How large the place is we cannot fully comprehend. The effect of The General's life and work upon the Christian Churches throughout the world is incalculable; the influence for good upon those who administer public affairs cannot be measured; but what shall we say concerning the effect of The Army upon the minds of the great masses of mankind, who look to The Army as the pole star of their faith in eternal things.

But yet another vision. I see him on the tenth of April, the recipient of messages that represent the affection and benedictions of millions of souls. By cables lying on deep sea beds; by Marconi messages spreading in ever widening circles through measureless space; by wires that stretch over Scottish heather, and through Devonshire dales rush these messages of love and congratulations to our dear General on his eightieth birthday.

I behold him at his home, Hadley Wood, with his strength renewed and eyesight restored; his big compassionate heart beating high with hope and holy ambition for the further benefiting of his fellowmen. A seer not only dreaming dreams and seeing visions, but a General bringing into actuality plans for the carrying on of The Salvation Army in its work of blessing the souls and bodies of mankind. Let us magnify the Lord for thus honouring His servant.

I have closely known The General for many years. I have rejoiced with him in the hours of his greatest triumphs, and wept with him in his hours of sorrow. I think I may, therefore, claim to know somewhat of The General's mind—and I know that if He could speak to you, reader, he would say: "What are you doing with your life?"

What a pointed question for us all! As I write I ask it of myself. I ask it of you. What are you doing with your life? Look, again, at The General's career. What inspiration and encouragement to all men; at the same time what a rebuke to many who are lukewarm. The call comes loud and clear for us to consecrate our lives to the same purpose as that to which The General consecrated his.

INDIA AND ITS PROBLEMS.



COLONEL MAPP has a magnificent collection of photographs depicting Salvation Army work amongst the three hundred million people who inhabit the Indian Empire. The photographs themselves possess great intrinsic interest, but in most cases this is enhanced by the stories that lie at the back of the pictures. We managed to secure a few of them for this Easter Number, and also a chat with the Colonel concerning the views.

Perhaps it may not be out of place for us to say here that a few days ago we received a letter from Canada's whilom Chief Secretary, Colonel Sowton, in which occurs this significant statement concerning the work of The Salvation Army in that land: "Both Mrs. Sowton and myself feel much more reconciled to being in India, now that we have been around, and seen what The Army is doing here. I have seen as many as 3,000, and 5,000 natives at a meeting, with over a hundred souls forward for Salvation, who prayed with an earnestness that I have seldom seen equalled."

But to our chat with the Chief Secretary. "This interesting group," said the Colonel, holding up the group of natives shown at the top of page 14, "is a group of Local Officers in the Punjab. Before their conversion they were Hindus. This religion boasts of no fewer than 32 million gods. These gods are connected with every aspect of human existence, and vary in form from a lump of clay as shapeless as a potato to a richly carved figure of gigantic proportions.

"The men we have here represent the lower casts, and, consequently, their religion consists of the lower forms of Hinduism, into to which enter many degrading, and demoralising features. Nevertheless, they were the leading men of the villages, in which they lived, that is to say they possessed the most wealth, or the most intelligence, and consequently, were the most influential members of the community. "Heredity plays a large part in Indian affairs, and the ancestors of these men, for generations past, might have occupied the same position. This being so, it is The Army's practice, when a village embraces Christianity to put these men, other matters being satisfactory, into positions of trust, and power. They are known as Jemadars (sergeants), and Subedars (sergeant-majors), and I have never, in any part of the world, seen local officers, who take their duties more seriously, and discharge them more faithfully than these men. We have considerably over two thousand of them in our Indian forces."

"You speak of a village becoming Salvationists, Colonel. How is this brought about?"

"In this way: Some of the head men of a village may have heard of the work of The Salvation Army, and desire to have it in their midst, so they invite The Army to send Officers, that they may converse with them, and find something about this new religion; or, it may be that our Officers enter the community uninvited, seek out the head men, and then lay before them the doctrines, and principles of The Salvation Army. Either of these modes of procedure usually results in The Army being asked to hold meetings, and that in its turn, I am happy to say, very often ends in the villagers being converted, their idols destroyed, and the temple demolished to make way for a Salvation Army Hall, and school. This photograph depicts one of our Territorial Commanders about to demolish one of these temples." (See page 14.)

"That is interesting Colonel, may I ask you to describe such an event, which certainly must mark an epoch in the annals of the village."

"It does, indeed. To what extent, one, that is, unfamiliar with the Hindoo customs, cannot imagine. For instance the idols, the temple, and the land are the property of the community. This may mean of one village, or a number of adjacent vil-

A CHAT WITH THE CHIEF SECRETARY.

lages as well. We commence operations, and some of the villagers may intelligently grasp the truths of Christ's Salvation. They accept it, others follow their example, and a number of the head men get saved also. The work of soul-saving goes on until a majority of the villagers become Salvationists, or, as in some cases, almost the entire village is led to Christ. Then it may be the head men will meet in council, and decide that the village altogether shall renounce idolatry, and become Christians. This is put to the people, and, as they invariably desire the change, a document is drawn up setting forth the fact that the people, having renounced the idolatry and superstitions of their ancestors, and embraced the doctrines of The Salvation Army, desire to put away all that pertains to their former belief, and to have a Salvation Army Hall, and school erected in its stead.

"The will of the people thus being declared, a day is fixed for the demolition. A large pandal is erected, that is an awning stretched on posts, or from tree to tree, and on the appointed day the whole village assembles with tom-toms, trumpets, and flags. A great praise meeting takes place



The Destruction of an Idol.

and converted heathen tell of the change that has happened in their lives. He that stole, steals no more; the drunkard has given up the use of liquor; the vicious no longer indulges in vice. Then with considerable ceremony the head man gives the key, and deeds of the temple to The Salvation Army Officer, who throws the door open, causes the idols to be brought out, and broken to pieces, or removed far away, and then the building, which is usually a clay-built thatched affair, is levelled to the ground amidst the tremendous hallelujahs, and shouts of praise on the part of the on-lookers.

"The ground is then consecrated for the purpose of erecting on it a Hall, in which will be declared the love of God, and the atonement of Christ.

"It is a great thing for a village to come under the spiritual oversight of The Salvation Army, for being of the lower caste, the villagers generally are very ignorant, and improvident, and because of this they are the easy prey of all unscrupulous persons. Avaricious priests, and greedy money lenders barter upon their superstitions, and simplicity. An epidemic breaks out in the village, the

priests declare that it is on account of the sins of the people they have not been paying their dues to the temple, and that he will not pray to the gods to remove the scourge, unless the villagers give so much land, or a portion of their jewels to the priests, or, it may be some of their daughters to serve in the temple. The customs of the people call for much extravagance. For instance, a wedding feast will land the giver into a life time debt; and there are always unscrupulous money lenders who will lend money, but at ruinous rates of interest—say from 75 up to 200 per cent.—to enable the people to indulge in their pernicious customs, or to help them at some time of need. It is, however, easy to see that the debtors are the veritable slaves of the money lenders, kept by them in a bondage of debt. Then again, the priests are very much averse to any inventions being introduced that will make easier the struggle for existence on the part of the poor low caste. For obvious reasons they prefer that the people should be ignorant, and unambitious, but when The Salvation Army enters the village, conditions alter. In time of plague, sanitation takes the place of prostrations, and oppression; in times of famine nutritive substitutes for rice are introduced by us, and one of our Officers has invented a simple weaving machine that is revolutionising the weaving industry of the villagers, and providing the poor with cheaper clothes, and larger earnings. Then the greedy money lender is being displaced by our Agricultural Savings Banks, by means of which money is advanced in cases of need at rates of interest which are well within the paying power of the borrower. We have by means of these banks, kept many from the grip of the money lender, and placed them on the way to comparative comfort, and plenty. Then our hospitals do, either for nothing, or slight payment, works of healing in sickness, and surgery in accidents, such as the poorer people never dreamed of, besides many of our village Officers administer remedies for ordinary complaints; some of whom are provided with medicine chests. Thus it is easy to see that the rise of the Sun of Righteousness on the horizon of a village is the dawn of a brighter and healthier day for the body as well as the soul. But even the facts I have stated are not all the benefits derived from the turning of a village from idolatry to Christ. I have mentioned that schools are formed. These are attended by both adults and children, and are great enlightening centres."

"We have heard at times a great deal about the child widows of India, Colonel, are we doing anything for that class?"

"Yes, I am glad to say, for these are truly a most unhappy class. As perhaps you know the children of India are married when very young. In fact, some of them are betrothed in the merest infancy. Should the child's husband die, and some do, as there are six million child widows in India, the child wife is reduced to the most pitiable condition of which one can conceive. Her head is shaved. She is deprived of all jewels and personal adornment, and only permitted to wear a coarse, sad-coloured canvas-like garment, which tells her shameful condition to all who see her. She also has to do all the manual work of the house, debarred from getting married again, is in fact an outcast, with every womanly desire thwarted. Now, it is from the ranks of this class that prostitution is largely recruited and to many of these our Rescue Homes and Industrial Schools are veritable havens of refuge. We take them in and teach them an industry, educate them, and fit them for a useful happy life."

"This is all very excellent work, Colonel. Have we much of it in India?"

"Well, yes! I think I may say we have. Anyway, here are the latest statistics on India, which I think speak for themselves:— (Continued on page 22.)

IMPRESSIONS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY COMM^R CADMAN.



COMMISSIONER CADMAN has rubbed noses with Maoris in New Zealand, and rubbed shoulders with Australians in the Commonwealth. He has been garlanded by the mild Hindoos, has looked out upon the homesteads in the great North-West, and when we conversed with him the other day, he had just concluded a visit of some months' duration, amongst the cod fishers on the Newfoundland shores.

We thought our readers would like to get the impressions, concerning Britain's oldest Colony, of such a seasoned traveller, so we enticed him into the Editorial sanctum, where his fine descriptive powers had full play. He danced, to give us ocular demonstration of a Newfoundland prayer meeting, and nearly split the office table, to show the energy of the convicted penitents; his shoutings created consternation, then merriment, amongst the inhabitants of the Editorial flat, and he exhausted even his picturesque vocabulary, in his eulogies of the Newfoundland islanders; for, of all the peoples he has met, in the East, or West, or South, he has the greatest temperamental affinity for the simple, emotional and whole-souled Newfoundlanders.

As a starter, we asked him what he thought of Newfoundland, from a beauty standpoint.

He declared it was a lovely land, containing verdant valleys, flowing streams and lofty mountains with slopes covered with blueberry bushes and trees; but he did not see much of that sort of thing himself, as he visited the localities where the people lived, and as most everybody knows, the inhabitants of Newfoundland are near neighbours of the codfish, consequently the towns and villages are nearly all situated



The Commissioner Likes Firing Guns.

on the sea-shore, where there is plenty of rock and very little soil; so little, in fact, that there is not sufficient earth in many places to bury the dead. So the islanders board up a square, three or four feet deep in the cemetery, and then fill it in with the earth which they scrape out of the little valleys between the hills, and lay their loved ones in these tiny enclosures. Asked if he thought this proceeding sanitary, the Commissioner said he thought it was, as the burying-places were situated high up in the hills, where breezes from the great Atlantic constantly swept.

The Commissioner gave other evidences of the rocky character of the Newfoundland coast-line, by saying that if a person wanted to fix up a drying post, it is not possible to dig a pit, so two or three huge stones are grouped together, the post is set up in the centre and wedged tightly in position. Some of the halls are also built in such a position that the floor is formed by the flattened surface of the living rock that forms the island. Earth for the formation of gardens, is also brought from distant sources, and it says much for the perseverance and courage of the people, that in these unfavourable conditions, the Commissioner was, in the out-harbours, regaled with the best vegetables he ever tasted in his life. He also said that



A View of St. John's.

in Newfoundland, he was supplied with the best bread that he had ever eaten. Our informant gives it as his opinion that Newfoundland in the summer, cannot be beaten for the variety of its outdoor scenes and pastimes.

The little towns and villages are often most picturesque. The houses are mostly built of wood, and vary in size, shape and style. They are usually perched on rocky terraces, and come right down to the water's edge, so that, viewed from the sea, the ascending houses, as varied in colour as in shape the gray rocks full of light and shade; the fish flakes, covered with spruce balsam boughs, rich in colour, or glittering in the sunshine, with dry fish; the little harbour, with its schooners lying at anchor, and the distant purple hills, all go to make a scene that even to the ordinary visitor, is full of charm and beauty.

The fish flakes, by the way, deserve a word. These are extensive stages, one side of which rests on the shelving shore, while the other is supported on piles—there being about eight or ten feet between the water and the "flake." Over the light framework of the staging, is placed a layer of spruce boughs. This permits the fish to drain, and the air to circulate all round the cod, which are cut open, cleaned, salted and spread to dry. This is the work of women. The men catch the fish, the women cure them.

Some of these little villages have curious localities. For instance, at Belle Island, he was billeted in a house on a thoroughfare known as "Ten Commandments Street." This is due to the fact that it consisted of ten houses, all built alike. Then the Salvation Army came along and built Officers' Quarters, which supplies the new commandment, "Love one another."

However, the Commissioner was considerably more interested in the people than the land in which they live, and speaking of Newfoundlanders, generally, he described them as the most genial, hospitable and self-sacrificing people he had ever met. A simple, godly folk, with whom goodness goes for everything, who know how to pray, and live for God.

Perhaps it is because their dangerous calling on the great deep brings them face to face with the uncertainty of life, and the need for repentance, but whatever the cause, the Commissioner says he never met a people who were so responsive to the voice of the Spirit and the servant of God, as these people. It is well known that cod-fishing is the great industry of the people, and the daring and skilful seamanship of the islanders in pursuit of the toothsome cod, make them rank amongst the finest mariners in the world, in fact, the naval reserve, which Great Britain has established amongst them, forms a splendid recruiting ground for the British navy.

But, according to the Commissioner, this calling

presents peculiar and real disadvantages to the carrying on of systematic salvation warfare, inasmuch as sealing and fishing not only denude the villages of most of the male population, but sometimes almost the entire population of some districts; for as soon as the sea-board is free of ice in the spring, as many as 30,000 Newfoundlanders men, women and children, with all their household goods, migrate in their fishing schooners to the coast of Labrador, returning again to their island homes in the autumn.

The wealthier fisher folk usually carry their poorer neighbours as freighters, berthing them in the holds of the vessels, where they live during the whole voyage—one week or four. A section of the hold is chalked out on the inner skin of the ship for each particular family, according to size. It is common for sixty to one hundred persons to be carried on board vessels in this fashion.

The industry is a most dangerous one, owing to fogs, ice, and storm; and each year numbers of schooners are sunk by the drifting ice, or wrecked, whilst befogged, on the outlying rocks.

The Commissioner, on his campaign, undertook no fewer than twenty-one voyages. From harbour to harbour, and island to island, the journey is performed by water, for in many parts roads, horses and cows are unknown; and during the winter, when the bays are covered with ice, travelling is performed in dog sleighs.

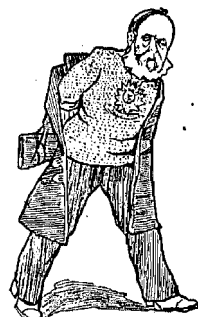
With considerable feeling the Commissioner spoke of his voyages, and we venture to say that never will he forget his journey from Triton to Exploits—a distance of twenty-five miles, ordinarily accomplished in four hours, but which, in this particular case, lasted a round dozen. We happened to ask the Commissioner if he had suffered from sea-sickness at all. He made no reply, but looked. There was a whole volume in that gaze. We were heartless enough to laugh. That gave the needed spur. The Commissioner leaned forward and said:

"Yes, I have been sea-sick. I will tell you all about it. When we left Triton the wind was all in our favour, although it was disagreeably cold. I sat on a chair on the deck of the little schooner and shivered, and wished we were at our destination."



Welcoming the Comr. at an Out-Harbour.

The skipper was afraid that the wind would drop, and



Getting Ready for Action



Out on the Heaving Billows. The Commissioner Seasick.

great Atlantic billows struck the little ship as if some giant was ramming her with a battering ram. The boat pitched and tossed, and kicked and rolled, and shook her sides like a dog just out of the water, and it shook me up also. I had been sitting on a chair, but the boat rocked so violently, and came so near to the water, that I had to take a lower seat lest I should be pitched overboard; so I sat on the deck, by the side of Staff-Captain Barr, who, by this time, was somewhat pale. He said he would move, as he felt he should be sick. He moved. It was fortunate he did, for at that moment my "stomach pump" began to work, and I lay on the deck for several hours, covered with sails, vomiting and urging like an active volcano. I had been cold before. I was cold no longer. The violence of my exertions bathed me in perspiration. What I looked like I didn't know—and cared less. What I really wanted during that time was to be at home with Mrs. Cadman.

"Then the wind suddenly dropped, but the sea didn't. The waves continued to roll mountains high, and our little barque, to our infinite misery, was dancing about like a cork. We were then within five miles of our destination, but the tide was all against us, and for hours we continued to drift about, tacking here and there, with the sails flapping, and the booms and tackle thumping like so many sledge hammers.

"The sea all this time was so rough that Ensign Sainsbury, who accompanied me, and who has been used to the sea all his life, yielded to his internal convulsions, and vomited as badly as the worst of us. He said it was the roughest sea he had yet experienced.

"The skipper was in a state lest we should be driven back to sea again—in which case we should be out for the night. So we lay and prayed for wind, which was made the best use of when a puff did come. At last we managed to get into calmer water, when the crew got into the small boat and endeavoured to tow the schooner to our landing place, but after two hours of it, they were exhausted, and we had to take them on board again. At four o'clock we were a little over four miles from Exploits, but with the help of three So diers, who had heard of our plight and had come out to help us, we managed to reach our anchorage by ten o'clock at night, to our very great joy, and greatly to the surprise of the inhabitants, who concluded that the heavy seas had made it impossible for us to reach Exploits that day.

"Cold, and stiff, and sore, after our battles with the elements, we made our way to the Quarters, where we were received by the Officers, and everything was bright, cheery and warm. Heaven at last! With my feet in a hot mustard bath, a basin of milk in my hand, and a roaring stove at my elbow, I could smile at the adventures of the day, and thankfully praise God for journeying mercies."

"What is all this gun firing we have heard so much about, Commissioner?"

"Oh, you see, that's to let them know when we arrive. We hoist the Blood and Fire Flag at the mast-head and start firing rifles, and then the people on shore come out and begin to blaze away also. It was to me a new way of making a noise, and I fired off guns on every occasion."

"Well, now, Commissioner, you've given us a charming glimpse at Newfoundland and its people. What do you think of The Army there?"

"I was greatly impressed with our present position and prospects. You will remember that when I went to Newfoundland it was in company with

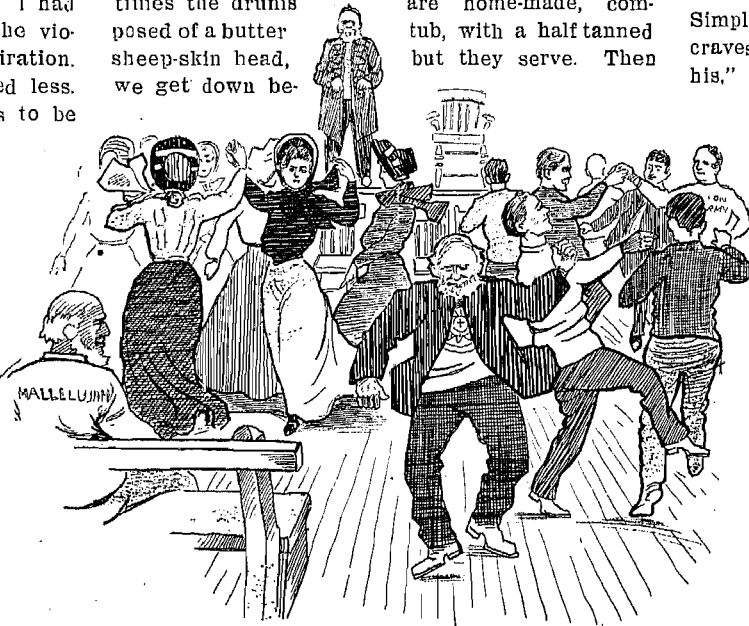
so had fears about our getting in on time. However, we glided swiftly and safely between rocks and mountains, until we reached the open sea, when, instead of the wind dropping, as our skipper had feared, it commenced to blow a perfect hurricane, and the

your Commissioner for the Annual Congress, and thus I had an opportunity of meeting the bulk of the Officers. I was very much taken up with them. They were good-looking, well-dressed, most affable and courteous, and gave every evidence of possessing a most Blood and Fire spirit. No officers of any country I have visited came nearer to my ideal of simple Salvationism than those comrades.

"The Corps I visited have afforded me some experiences that I shall never forget. St. John's I. is very much Canadian, and, indeed, is a good sample of a Salvation Army Corps, but No. II is quite Newfoundland in spirit and in work. However, to get into a genuine Newfoundland meeting, one must go to an outlying town. Let me try to describe such a meeting as some I was in.

"As you approach the town, The Army Flag is run up to the mast-head, the guns begin to fire, and the people on the shore rush to their doors, or down to the little pier, waving handkerchiefs, and firing salvos of welcome. Thus the whole town knows that the stranger has arrived, and that there will be a big go in The Army Hall that night.

"Before the meeting, a march takes place, headed by two drums—bass and kettle—the vigour with which these drums are beaten makes the windows rattle, and should be heard far out to sea. When we arrive at the Hall nearby, the whole population have squeezed themselves into the little building which may hold anything from a hundred to three hundred persons. The singing goes with a swing, and with a tremendous drum accompaniment. Some times the drums are home-made, composed of a butter tub, with a half tanned sheep-skin head, but they serve. Then we get down be-

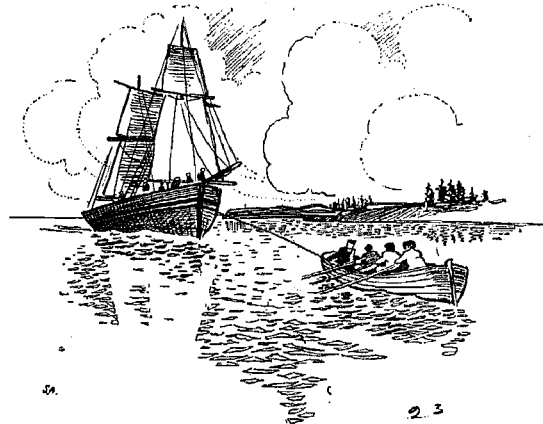


A Newfoundland Prayer Meeting Dance

fore the Lord, and the throne of grace is besieged with the same vigour as the drums are whacked. They evidently believe in the Kingdom of Heaven suffering violence, and that the violent take it by force." God answers by fire—there is no doubt about that. Well, then, I get out of my coat and start in. The warmth and glory fills my soul, and I let myself go. They laugh and shout and clap. Then, all at once there is a screech, as if someone was dying, or had been stabbed in the back. It gave me quite a jolt when I first heard this sort of thing, but one goes on, and the screeches increase until the prayer meeting is reached. Now, I find it very difficult to describe such a meeting in cold blood. One must be in—the fire—to learn what it feels like. However, I will try. A man is praying with tremendous fervour for God to save souls. All at once, with his eyes shut, he stands on his feet, claps his hands; he does nothing but shout praises to God. He seems oblivious to everything around him—in a state of ecstasy. Then perhaps, a chorus is sung: "I've got the blessing, yes, I have." is a favourite, they all sing it, and the drums keep up an incessant booming. Others catch the fire. Then a man with tears streaming down his face, will rush to the penitent form. They are very impulsive. One man was being asked to come out and get saved, when he suddenly threw out his arms, knocked the comrade sprawling, then rushed out and threw himself down flop at the mercy seat. I, myself, went to deal with a penitent, who seemed in great anguish of soul. I spoke to him, but with a mighty cry he threw out his arms and landed me such a blow on the face that I saw fireworks for a minute. It is no joke to be hit by a fisherman's fist. It is like a lump of iron. I heard of one man who thumped a penitent form in

such a way that he split it from end to end. They mostly have strong hardwood benches for penitent forms, for the penitents are so deadly in earnest that one fears they will break the bones of their hands. In one or two places we had chairs for the mercy seat, but they simply flew into fragments.

"Then the penitent gets the victory he or she springs to their feet and rejoices—others join in.



In a Dead Calm.

until perhaps there are forty or fifty people dancing to the tune that is sung. The women keep on one side, and the men the other side of the Hall, and in a perfectly decorous manner, they join hands and dance and sing and shout, until those at the mercy seat have obtained the desire of their hearts; but the Newfoundlander is nothing, if not thorough. Simple faith is not satisfying. His temperament craves for feeling—"the Spirit bearing witness with his," and I have known them after an hour's struggling, suddenly rush from the Hall, and go from the meeting in a state of black despair.

"This ecstatic feeling is not confined to a few; it is shared by the best people in the town, and is certainly a powerful emotion. At one of my meetings, an old man, so lame that he had to walk with a stick, came to the Fountain, and was made so happy that he jumped up from the penitent form and leaped and danced with such wonderful vigour, that, considering his age and infirmity, he astonished all who saw him.

"In the first stages of my campaign, I used to get amongst the people in the pool, but, after being struck in the ribs by muscular elbows, and being seized in the embrace of stalwart fishermen, I gave it up. The incident which finally decided me, was when two Sisters, each weighing sixteen stone, began waltzing with me, and singing, "I've got the blessing, yes, I have, I have." I was overwhelmed, and wondered where is now the good Elijah. After that I kept to the platform, and directed the proceedings from the bridge.

"Some may have the idea that these meetings are the result of unbridled emotionalism. Temperament may have something to do with it, no doubt, but to my mind it is the outcome of simple faith and

(Continued on page 21.)



After a Voyage.

Our European Chief Secretaries.

LIEUT. COLONEL LARSEN, "Chefsekreteraren" for Sweden

LIEUT. COLONEL LARSEN, second in command of Sweden, is a man of good looks, and great capacity; he also possesses a fine character and is generally esteemed throughout the Territory. He has a popular public manner, being tall and commanding in appearance, of great fluency in speech, prolific of stories and illustration, and a thinker.



Lieut.-Colonel Larsen.

He is also a strong man of affairs; temperamentally a little severe, perhaps, but this is much more manner than spirit, although his martial bearing is apt to create the impression that he is a rigid disciplinarian. He has had an interesting and successful career, and this is evidenced by the fact that he is now the Chief Secretary in the land

of his birth, where he was born forty-one years ago. He has been saved twenty-one years.

At the time of his conversion he was employed as a lithographic artist at Jonkoping — a name familiar to most users of matches. His first command as Captain, was a little Corps with seven Soldiers on the roll, but when he left it six months later, the Soldiers numbered sixty. Another Corps, and then he was appointed to the National Headquarters, in the dual position of scribe and War Cry artist. In 1896 he was promoted to the rank of Staff-Captain, and appointed to the Stockholm Division, with the oversight of the Men's Training Home. While holding this appointment, he was married. Two years later he was appointed Field Secretary, which position he held for four years. This was followed by an appointment to the Literature Department, and Editorship of the War Cry; but Divisional and Training Work again fell to his lot, until some two and a half years ago, he was appointed to the position of Chief Secretary.

It will thus be seen that our comrade has, in his time, played many parts, and accordingly, has great versatility, although he does not claim to have any of the "higher gifts." He pleads guilty, however, to a liking for literary work, and has translated several books from English to Swedish, such as "The Life of the Consul," "Life of Commissioner Dowdle," "Why and Wherefore," etc. But he lays claim to having a strong body and a strong voice, the latter enabling him to stand the wear and tear of public meetings without undue fatigue, and the former to work long days, and often all night. This quality, and his devotion, has had much to do in winning for him the high standing he holds to-day in The Salvation Army in Sweden.

BRIGADIER THYKJÆR, "Chefsekreteraren" for Finland.

THE Chief Secretary for Finland, is of Danish nationality, and became an Officer sixteen years ago, when Colonel Sowton had charge of the work in Denmark.

After a brief Cadetship of seven weeks, our comrade was promoted to the rank of Captain, and, with his wife, was sent to take charge of a Corps. Great success attended his labours as a Field Officer, and he showed such capacity for leadership, that after three other Corps commands, he was promoted to Staff rank, and made



Brigadier Thykjaer.

A Series of Thumb-Nail Sketches of Officers Who are Second in Command of the Territories on the Continent of Europe. ♦ ♦

Divisional Officer for the Odense Division. Thus, he was made the Divisional Officer of the Corps, in which, but two years previously, he had been a Soldier.

The next ten years were spent in Divisional work, and in that capacity he has commanded the greater portion of Denmark. He has seen a large number of souls won for Christ, and the operations of The Army extended. Quite a number of those who were converted in his meetings, are Officers to-day. As a Divisional Officer, he was very successful in the management of the Officers under him.

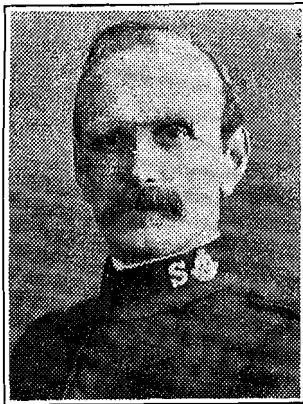
Then came an appointment at the Territorial Headquarters, as General and Social Secretary. Two years later, came the appointment of Chief Secretary for his native land. This very rapid promotion has been well deserved.

After fifteen years of successful service in the Homeland, came the appointment of Chief Secretary to Finland, where the blessing of God continues to be upon him.

Our comrade is musical, and a capable speaker. Devotion to God and The Army, and unweariness in duty, are his characteristics. He has two sons who are Captains in charge of Corps in Denmark.

LIEUT. COLONEL MARTIN, "Chefsekreter" for Germany.

LIEUT. COLONEL MARTIN, of Germany, is a Britisher by birth, but has had so much continental experience that he almost disclaims nationality in favour of cosmopolitanism. He was, however, born in Devonshire, converted at the age of thirteen, and is now serving his twenty-first year as an Officer. He has had considerable experience in Training work in England, but his last British command was the Congress Hall, at Brighton. He was then sent to Switzerland for Training Work, where he remained nearly



Lieut.-Colonel Martin.

three years, during which time some of the severest fighting that has characterised our warfare in the Land of William Tell, took place. Salvationists were kicked, cuffed, and ill-treated by high and low, and by the police, hunted like partridges on the mountains. He was present on that awful night on the streets of Geneva, when The General's eldest daughter was arrested. He, himself served a short term of imprisonment in Bale. Praise God, things are different to-day in that country!

After Switzerland, came Sweden, where our comrade put in nine years of successful service. The first three were in connection with Training operations, the other six were spent in Divisional work. One of his Divisions stretched up into the regions of the Midnight Sun, where he experienced some most encouraging times amongst the Lapps, and saw some lovely conversions. Finally came his present appointment, as Chief Secretary in Germany, with Commissioner Oliphant. A most blessed work is being carried on in that Territory, and Lieut. Colonel Martin has abundant opportunities for gratifying his desires for soul-saving.

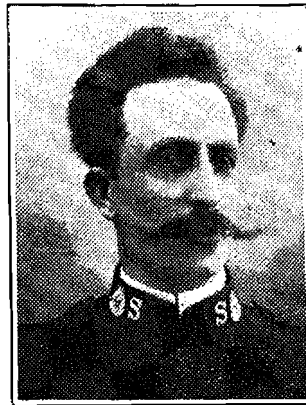
The Colonel is a master of method, and one who knows him well, gives the following, as keys to Lieut. Colonel Martin's life and character:—

In a meeting his strong points are his insistence on the three R's—Righteousness, Repentance, and Reconciliation. He possesses tenacity, hopefulness and loyalty to principle.

BRIGADIER DELAPRAZ, Secrétaire-General for France and Belgium.

THE Brigadier hails from Switzerland; he met The Army during the first years of its struggles in that country.

On the bright, sunny shores of Lake Lemman The Salvationists appeared, and with them came a revival of religious life, which soon produced very numerous conversions.



Brigadier Delapraz.

Corseaux, the village where the Brigadier lived, and which is situated in a site of great natural beauty, by the side of the lake and in full view of the snowy summits of the Alps, became a centre of revival; the Officers' faithful toil was rewarded by a number of young people, who came to God.

Among these was Frederic Delapraz.

He gave up at once all connection with the various societies he had belonged to, and threw himself wholeheartedly into the work. Shortly afterwards he heard the call to Officership; he was trained in Paris, and spent some ten years on the Field, chiefly in France. He was then transferred to the Trade Department, Switzerland, where he soon rose to the position of Trade Secretary.

He held that position for eight years, and was then appointed General Secretary for the United Territory of France and Belgium, which position he has held since 1906.

The Brigadier possesses a charming personality, an impressive appearance, and many characteristics that make him of great value in the Salvation War. He is a thorough business man, as may be imagined from the length of time he held the Trade Secretaryship in Switzerland. He is also a very capable man on the platform, possessing deep piety and a deep passion for the souls of the unsaved around him.

LIEUT. COLONEL GOVAARS, "Chefsekreteraris" for Holland.

HOLLANDERS are said to be somewhat phlegmatic—they may be, but Lieut. Colonel Govaars is not. He is a whole-souled enthusiast, as this little incident shows: He was a student in Amsterdam in training for the position of a school teacher, when a friend of his in Paris, sent him some copies of En Avant (French War Cry.) These

so fired his soul, that he asked his friend to send him a pair of S's. He desired to become a Salvationist, and because there was no one in Holland to enroll him as a Soldier, he did it himself. Thus did young Govaars become a Salvationist. How he became an Officer occurred in this way.

Just at that time, The Salvation Army opened up South Africa, and it was found that a Dutch song-book was necessary. There was no one available, however, who could undertake the translation of English songs into Dutch. Then Commissioner Railton remembered the young Hollander who had been converted through the French War Cry, and he wrote to him to know if he could come and spend a few days with him in Holland. He could. So the Commissioner duly visited Amsterdam, and stayed with the Govaars family, of whom three to-day, are Officers, and the parents are Soldiers of the Amsterdam I. Corps.



Lieut.-Colonel Govaars.

THE EASTER WAR CRY.

Then Commissioner Railton suggested that young Govaars should accompany him to London for a few days only. On that understanding our future Colonel went to London, taking with him but a few pocket handkerchiefs and his violin. He remained in London for eleven months. He naturally enough entered the Training Home, and was sent as a Lieutenant, to a Corps in Wales, the Captain of which had offered himself for service in Holland.

Our comrade and that Officer, a few months later, began the work in Holland, with just ten dollars between them, and a whole lot of faith.

During the first two years, he rose to the rank of Staff-Captain, and filled several posts, from that of Corps Officer to an embryonic Chief Secretaryship.

After another short period of service in England, he returned to Holland, and took charge of a Division, but his knowledge of the language, and his general capacity, made his presence necessary at Headquarters, so that after fifteen months, he was brought to Headquarters. In 1892 he was promoted to the rank of Major; in 1899, he became Brigadier, and in 1901, Lieut.-Colonel. With that rank he received the appointment of General Secretary for Holland.

But before that time, he had played many parts in the development of The Army in Holland: Trade Secretary, Editor of The Army's publications, Social Secretary, and Property Secretary.

In 1902 he was transferred to Switzerland, as Chief Secretary, but in 1905 he again returned to Holland, this time to be second in command of the work in his native country.

Our comrade possesses a most agreeable personality, and is a man of many parts. He is, by occupation, and training, a school teacher, but is also a skilful mechanic. On one occasion, when he was Trade Secretary, a printing press broke down. He started to repair it early one evening, and finished the job at eleven o'clock next day, leaving worked continuously at it.

He is a capable musician, and could read music when he had to stand on a stool to bring himself level with the table. He can play all kinds of brass instruments, with the violin and many other stringed instruments. He speaks, fluently, French, German and English. The Colonel is equally capable on the platform as at the administrator's desk, which is saying a good deal.

Holland is indebted to her curly headed son.

LIEUT.-COLONEL GAUNTLETT, "Chefsekretars" for Switzerland.

THE Chief Secretary for Switzerland is an Englishman, having been converted to God in the Hammersmith Corps, London, England, when he was nineteen years of age. His parents were dead, and he lived with friends, who were so much opposed to The Salvation Army, that he practically had to choose between them and The Army—he chose the latter, and was commissioned as an Officer in 1887.

He has had a successful and distinguished career. For eight years he was a Field Officer in the Old Land, and commanded such Corps as the Ice House, Hull; Brighton Congress Hall, Birmingham Citadel, Sunderland II.

For three years he served under Commander Eva Booth, as Divisional Officer, in London, after which he was transferred to the Foreign Field as D. O. for Berlin City, and the Training Homes. After two years in this appointment, he was appointed to be Field Secretary, and on the occasion of the promotion to Glory of Lieut.-Colonel Junker, the Chief Secretary for Germany, our comrade was promoted to that position, which he occupied for six years. About eighteen months ago, he was transferred to the same position in Switzerland.

From a character sketch of Lieut.-Colonel Gauntlett, that appeared in the British War Cry, we take the following, which certainly serves as an index to his character:—

"How did Lieut. Colonel Gauntlett rise to his present position?" for he is only a comparatively young Officer."

"The answer is: hard work. He prayed about everything. His life was a continual breathing of his soul toward God. He lived in the realities of things. He loved souls. He visited them, fought for them, wept over them, fasted for them, prayed



Lieut.-Colonel Gauntlett.

all night for them. He mastered the doctrines and regulations of The Army, and kept them so literally as to be in danger of being too severe. Whatever Gauntlett undertook as an F. O. or D. O., you might be sure would be done to the very best of his ability. "With the same dogged pluck with which he has risen to the various positions with which he has been trusted, he saved his life. Not so long ago, his health gave his wife and leaders cause for much concern. Gauntlett changed his diet, and submitted his body to a course of discipline—without, of course, neglecting his work—and the result is a lithe, spare, and active piece of human mechanism, in which there burns a soul full of intense loyalty to the Cross. "Christ and Him crucified" has a deep and personal meaning to Lieut.-Colonel Gauntlett."

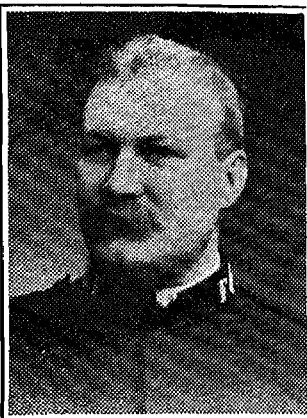
BRIGADIER GUNDERSEN,

"General Sekretæren" for Norway.

THIS comrade is a Norwegian by birth, and it speaks well for his capacity and industry that he is now General Secretary of The Army in his native land.

He was converted under rather unusual circumstances, twenty years ago, when a little over sixteen years of age. A Norwegian sea captain got saved in England under the late Mrs. Booth. He returned to his own land, and told what God had done for him. A farmer's boy got saved, and in turn, he was the means of leading other boys to seek Christ—young Gundersen was one of them. Twelve months later, as a Cadet in one of the hardest Corps.

After eight years as a Field Officer, during which time he had some of Norway's largest Corps, he was appointed to Divisional work, and served as a D. O. for six years. He was very successful as a Field and Divisional Officer. He was next appointed



Brigadier Gundersen.

Men's Social Secretary. The Social Work at that time having assumed large proportions. Two years later he was made Field Secretary, and in January, 1903, was appointed to the position of General Secretary.

Brigadier Gundersen, like many other Salvationists, is a self-made man, and owes his fitness for his present position to earnest work at self culture, and faithfulness in small commands, as in the large. He is musical, and for a considerable time was leader of the National Headquarters' Staff Band. He performs on several instruments. In public he is, perhaps, strongest in the prayer meeting, which he manages as an expert; although his addresses show thorough preparation and research. From a business point of view, he is a man of sound judgment, and has a quick, clear apprehension of the vitals of a matter. His career is creditable to himself, and has been of great service to The Army.

BRIGADIER CARL BREIEN,

"Chefsekretæren" for Denmark.

THE Chief Secretary of Denmark is a Norwegian by birth, and has the distinction of being the first young man to become a Cadet in his native land. That was in 1888.

He got sanctified in an Army meeting, and advancement in The Army rapidly followed. After being an Officer four months, he was made Captain,

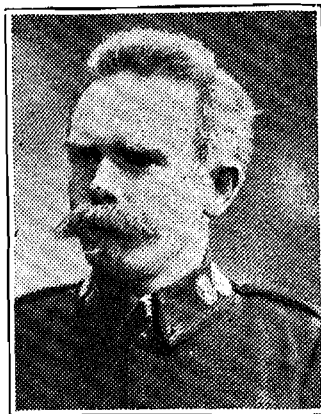
and placed in charge of the Corps in which he had successively been recruit, Corps Sergeant-Major, Cadet, and Lieutenant. The Corps had grown so big that it had been considered necessary to divide it, so our comrade's Captain, with about three hundred Soldiers, opened another Corps, and the future Chief Secretary remained at the old spot with the same number of Soldiery. After this he commanded six of the largest Corps in the country, and when about twenty-one, was made a Divisional Officer.

In the capacity of Headquarters' Spiritual Special he travelled all over Norway, and saw the arm of the Lord made bare in a mighty manner.

This was followed by promotion, and Divisional appointments. With the rank of Major he was transferred to the Danish Territory and for a time served as Field Secretary. Circumstances made it necessary for him to return to Norway. Here he filled an important Divisional command, and was promoted to the rank of Brigadier.

Next came the Chief Secretaryship of Finland, under Lieut.-Colonel Howard. A year and a-half in that command was followed by his appointment as Chief Secretary to Denmark.

It will thus be seen that unbroken success has marked the Brigadier's career. He is a man of



Brigadier Carl Breien.

sanctified pugnacity that enables him to hold on to a difficult problem until victory is achieved; he also possesses much talent. He is a capable song-writer and singer, and possesses literary gifts, is of wide reading, and considerable capacity for public work. He is a fluent speaker, and can tell a pathetic story with great effect. Likes to interlard his Scriptural expositions—which are very acceptable—with poetry and prose quotations. Is a man with a future.

THE GENERAL'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS. TORONTO.

COMMISSIONER COOMBS

IN COMMAND,

Assisted by COLONEL MAPP, the Territorial Headquarters' and Provincial Staff.

THE FOLLOWING IS THE PROGRAMME:

GOOD FRIDAY, APRIL 9TH.

10 a.m. Great Review at the Armouries, followed by Huge Procession. Several Bands and Hundreds of Soldiers in Line of March.

Extraordinary Meetings at 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m., in the Temple.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10TH—MASSEY HALL.

8 p.m. Double Wedding of Captains Nellie and Daisy Coombs, and Brigadier and Staff-Captain Morris, under the Flag. The Massed Bands will play, and a Choir of Many Voices will sing.

EASTER SUNDAY, APRIL 11TH—MASSEY HALL.

3 p.m. A Great Mass Meeting. Prominent Public Gentlemen will Speak, and Pay Tribute to The General's Remarkable Life. A Phonograph Message from The General. The Massed Bands will play and the Choir will sing.

EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 12TH—GRAND FINAL.

10.30 a.m. Officers' Council.

3 p.m. Dedication of Land for New Building for No. 1 Corps of The Salvation Army in Canada, as a Memorial to The General's Eightieth Birthday.

8 p.m. Grand Finale in the Temple.

LONG LIVE THE GENERAL

FROM THE PEN EDITORIAL

TWO GREAT EVENTS.

OUR SPECIAL EASTER NUMBER this year celebrates two events—one of which transcends the other in importance, beyond all expression. Still the second is an event of considerable importance and interest—we refer to The General's eightieth birthday. We invite our readers to peruse the tributes and other matter which this special issue contains, relating to our General; to consider well the scheme for the celebration of his natal day, and to continue in prayer for his prosperity and good health.

HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS.

THE FRONT PAGE, in its setting of daffodils—The General's favourite flower, by the way—depicts The General in a position which no doubt filled him with holy thought and solemn sensations. Perhaps there is no tenderer—certainly no more human—domestic scene described in the whole realm of sacred writ, than that which refers to the visit of our Redeemer to the home of the sisters, Martha and Mary, before the Feast of Dedication, when Mary chose the better part. Bethany is rich in historic associations. It was here that Christ, in that awful voice of authority, uttered those few but solemn words, "Lazarus, come forth!" The brother beloved came forth, wrapped indeed, in the cerements of death, but with the healthy blood of restored life flowing through his veins. Was not this a foreshadowing of the glorious resurrection of Him who was to become the first fruits of them that slept? Of Him who said to Martha, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." Another sacred association lingers around this spot. It was in Bethany that Jesus spent His last Sunday before His death on the cross.

THE ARMY AND WOMANHOOD.

BUT THE SPECIAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS SPOT to The Salvation Army, circles around the names of Mary and Martha. There is no organisation that has done so much for the uplifting of fallen womanhood, and also for the recognition of the rights of women, as spiritual Leaders and teachers, as The Salvation Army. And it is no great stretch of imagination to see, in the two sisters of Bethany, prototypes of the classes of womanhood who have been chiefly benefited. May we refer our readers to the last Sunday, already alluded to, when a feast had been prepared in the house of Simon. In what relation Simon stood to the sisters, it is not easy to say. Some conjecture that he was their father, others again, that he was the husband of Martha; but, be that as it may, the feast was chiefly memorable for one incident.

WHO WAS MARY?

AS MARY SAT IN THE PRESENCE OF HER LORD, she felt impelled to show some outward sign of her love and adoration, so she arose and fetched an alabaster vase, of Indian spikenard, and came softly behind Jesus where He sat, and broke the alabaster in her hands, and poured the genuine, precious perfume, first over His head, then over His feet, and then—unconscious of every presence save His alone—she wiped His feet with the long tresses of her hair, while the atmosphere of the whole house was filled with delicious fragrance.

Now, who was this Mary? Dean Farrar, in his "Life of Christ," says:—

"An ancient tradition—especially prevalent in the Western Church, and followed by the translation of our English version—a tradition which, though it must remain uncertain, is not in itself improbable, and cannot be disproved—identifies this woman with Mary of Magdala, out of whom Jesus cast seven devils. This exorcism is not elsewhere alluded to, and it would be perfectly in accordance with the genius of Hebrew phraseology, if the expression had been applied to her, in consequence of a passionate nature, and an abandoned life." Knowing all this, as The General did, it is not unreasonable to assume that, recollections of the Magdalene occurred to him as he stood amongst the ancient ruins of the house in which she had once

dwelt, and also a remembrance of what God is doing, through the devoted women workers of The Salvation Army, for Magdalenes of to-day. A little of the work that, in this connection, is being done in Canada, may be gathered from the article entitled "A Morning With Mrs. Coombs." In Canada we have fifteen Homes for uplifting fallen womanhood; throughout the world, 125. Perhaps a larger number than any other single denomination or social organisation in the whole world possesses.

WOMEN IN PUBLIC WORK.

THERE IS ALSO ANOTHER ASPECT of women's life that might very well have occurred to our General. It will be remembered that when Christ sat in the house at Bethany, Martha was cumbered about much serving. She desired to make the best lay-out she could for her honoured Guest; but Mary desired to kneel at the feet of Jesus and listen to His words. This was not pleasing to Martha, who, hot and hasty, hurried into the Divine Presence, and not altogether reverently, asked Jesus if He did not really care to see her sister sitting there with her hands before her, while she was left single-handed to do all the work. Now, we have a great deal of sympathy with Martha, who, in reproving her sister over what she, no doubt, considered unwomanly conduct, acted in accordance with the spirit of her time. Woman's place, then, as it has been for many centuries since, was considered to be in the kitchen, and there is no lesson that the Church of Christ has been so slow in learning, as it has the place which Christ gave to women amongst His followers. It has been practically left to The Salvation Army to open the doors of public spiritual work to women, and through the agency of The Salvation Army, multitudes of gifted women have been led to see that there are nobler and more useful lives to lead than those in which the whole powers of body and mind are engaged in those things that pertain only to the body. Thousands of women have thus been led to choose the good part, and to follow on to heights of usefulness, that women in all ages have often dreamed of, but never aspired to.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker puts the matter well in the following extract from his "Life of the Mother of The Salvation Army:—

"After being repressed and buried for centuries beneath a couple of misquoted Pauline texts, women, like Lazarus of old, had heard the voice of her Saviour, bidding her 'come forth,' and to Mrs. Booth was reserved the special privilege of following her Master's example and loosing her fellow sisters from the grave clothes of prejudice, and letting them go off upon their errand of mercy—the salvation of the world."

Thus, The Salvation Army laid down a principle which has mightily affected the future of womankind, and, through the instrumentality of spiritually minded women, affected the spiritual destiny of thousands.

SYMBOLISM.

OUR PRINCIPAL PICTURE is a reproduction of Munkacsy's famous picture, from a photograph by Braun, Clement & Co. As a piece of characterisation, it is exceeding fine; the noble head of Christ being most expressive. The symbolism that surrounds it in the decorative work, may need a word of explanation. The significance of the Easter lily is generally known, but the passion flower, found in the squares, is so called from a fancied resemblance of certain parts of the flower to the instruments of the crucifixion. The stigmas are regarded as representing the nails; the anthers, the wounds; and the rays of the corona, the crown of thorns. In the shields, the cross and the crown of thorns stand for shame and suffering, while the rose and crown stands for power and glory. Let each one of us take comfort from the thought that if we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him.

We should also like to remind all our Comrades, that the birthday celebrations, will afford splendid opportunity for bringing the ungodly to a knowledge of the work of the atonement, and the power of the Grace of God, to change men's hearts, and lives. Let us all embrace these opportunities so that the will of God may be done in us.

India and Its Problems.

(Continued from page 16.)

Officers, 1,200; Corps and Outposts, 2,345; Schools, 431; social institutions, including village Banks 85. There are also 11 Industrial Boarding Schools, with 850 children in them.

When it is borne in mind that The Salvation Army commenced operations in India, under the leadership of Commissioner Booth-Tucker, only twenty-six and a half year ago, I think most people will agree that remarkable progress has been made. Of course, this progress has been made possible only by the financial assistance of Christian countries, for the people of India are poor. Still, there are many shining examples of self-denial to be found amongst them. For instance, one of our native Local Officers, when dying, left The Salvation Army's next self-denial effort a sum of money that was out at interest. When the S.D. week came, both principal and interest were handed to the Corps, to which it had been bequeathed. This reminds me that very soon our Canadian Self-denial week will be here, and The General and Commissioner are very anxious that Canada should give most liberally to this fund, from which our work among the heathen is mainly supported. Canada in the past has done very well for India, especially in the way of Officers. I have met on the plains of India several Officers, who had come from the Prairies of Canada, Comrades who have rendered magnificent service to India, and showed conspicuous devotion to duty.

"Doubtless our comrades and friends all over the Territory will be glad to hear that Commissioner Fakir Singh (Booth-Tucker) has just written me as follows: The prospects in India are simply splendid, and we are having crowds of souls in every Territory. Our three difficulties are Officers, money and property, but we have made some wonderful advances."

"The following adventures of a young German Officer, in India, are interesting," said the Colonel, "and incidentally throw a vivid light on conditions in that country. This Comrade had been absent on a three months' collecting tour, during which he cycled 2,000 miles, and according to the Indian Cry, his adventures sound like a romance:—

"Passing over the hills, through thick jungles, he has seen wild elephants drinking at the rivers, and more than once has been in close proximity to leopards. To frighten away the latter he rang his cycle-bell loudly, and continuously, but to his horror realised what alarmed one enemy could charm another for a big snake was winding around his leg. He had presence of mind, as he gave a great spring in the air, to bring his wheel on the back of the snake, which disengaged it, and quickly skidded away.

"One day in consequence of the heavy rain, and swollen river, which it was impossible to cross, a planter lent him a horse. 'It is a big strong fellow and will do the service,' so it did, until the middle of the river, when he decided to enjoy a bath, and sat down. The poor Captain was utterly submerged, but being able to swim struck out for shore.

"On another occasion he unfortunately missed his road. After riding about fifty miles, he knew he ought to have reached his destination, but was still in wild jungle, and might come on. After some time in answer to repeated callings he at last heard voices, and some coolies came to his help. He soon arrived at a house, and then to his surprise and dismay, he found himself at the place he had left that morning. He had simply made a circuit, and had come back to the starting point. However, 'all is well that ends well,' and the Captain never looked more 'fit' or happier than when he sat recounting his varied experiences."

The Colonel was asked for a story, but observed that he thought he had talked enough, and to the reporter's delight switched him on to Mrs. Mapp, who related the following tender story.

"A native colour-sergeant's little son had fallen a victim to malignant cancer in its most dreadful form. The father, in his loving grief, had obtained all the medical assistance that he could, but it was all to no purpose, the boy waxed worse and worse. A raging fever, and a dull gnawing of the cancerous growth made the little sufferer's life long drawn out agony. His father, who idolised him, came to us to know if we could do anything. I visited the little chap, and alleviated his suffer-

THE EASTER WAR CRY.

ings as much as I could. I also brought him a small wall-text, bearing the words, "Redeemed by His Blood." I explained the meaning to the little sufferer, and never shall I forget the gleam of joy that lighted up his face as he realised what the passage meant.

"At last the end drew near. I was with him, I saw the filmy glaze of death dim his eyes, and saw the death-sweat ooze out of his pallid brow, and then with his last breath he raised his attenuated little arm, and pointing to the text—he was too weak to speak—he sank back on the little couch and went to Jesus.

April 10, 1908, to April 10, 1909.

(Continued from page 10.)

Our Officers visited more than a million homes. we have promoted in all manner of ways, the welfare of three thousand families in the slums, trying to improve their bodies, souls, and circumstances. We have supplied advice and medicine to a thousand patients in Our Hospitals and Dispensaries.

We have been teaching 112,300 children in our Day Schools.

We have provided shelter for 191,000 homeless men, women, and children; 264,000 meals in our Social Institutions; and fed nightly a thousand homeless men on London's streets.

We have furnished employment for 6,000 desti-

LEGACIES, ENDOWMENTS & DONATIONS.

The permanent character of our work makes it desirable that Legacies and Endowments be received to furnish a fund for its proper maintenance. If those who desire to assist in this way wish information with regard to our various operations they may address.

Commissioner T. B. COOMBS,
THE TEMPLE, TORONTO

The following is a short and good

FORM OF A WILL.

I.....(here give full name).....of.....(place of residence).....make this my last will:

I give, devise and bequeath.....(here state whether cash or property, and if the latter, give all particulars concerning such property).....to the Salvation Army in the Dominion of Canada, and I will and direct that such benefits be paid over or transferred to the Commissioner, for the time being of the Salvation Army in the Dominion of Canada.

I appoint.....(give name).....of.....(place of residence).....executor of my will.

Signed and acknowledged this.....(date)... of.....(month).....A.D., 19...

Witnessed.....

DONATIONS:

Are earnestly solicited toward the following well-known and practical philanthropies: Women's Rescue Work; Children's Home; Prison Gate Department, and general work amongst the unchurched. These Donations may be sent to address given above.

tute men and women; 1,550 prisoners were visited in their cells; and we strove with fifty would-be suicides.

We have laboured for the salvation of 170,000 children on The Army's Roll, and circulated a million copies of our literature. We are training ten thousand Corps Cadets.

This then is the life work of our noble Leader, whose eightieth birthday, millions of people all round the world unite in celebrating.

Impressions of Newfoundland.

(Continued from page 18.)

goodness. God causing His people to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Anyway, nothing could be more earnest and sincere than the conclusion of the meetings which usually took the form of a reconsecration to God and The Army, and the singing of the doxology.

"The Salvation Army certainly has a very strong hold on Newfoundland, and my old friend, Lieut. Colonel Rees and his dear wife are successfully doing a great work. God bless Newfoundland. The jumping, dancing and glory fits sometimes shook the buildings; Newfoundland comrades go in to shake the devil, and save souls."

A Morning with Mrs. Coombs.

(Continued from page 3.)

cusses the morning's events at the police court. Amongst the prisoners were two young girls, who had been induced by two men to leave their homes in Hamilton. The men, after corrupting the girls, had induced them to go soliciting on the streets. They had been apprehended by the police, but through the offices of Chief Inspector Archibald, they had been handed over to the Brigadier, who had undertaken to see that their parents were communicated with, and that they were sent to their homes. There were other cases when the administrators of the law had shown their consideration for youthful law-breakers, by handing them over to The Army, and these, having been reported to, and decided on by Mrs. Coombs, she expressed her readiness to see those who had called to see her.

The first was a young woman of good deportment and very respectably dressed, but whose eyes were swollen with weeping, and whose countenance showed the sorrow that was gnawing at her heart. It was the old story. A girl's trust and folly, and a bad man's perfidy. She was at work in a city factory, but was too much ashamed to go to her country home. She had saved some dollars, and would have more in the course of two or three months, but she was afraid she would not have the usual fee for the maternity hospital. Could Mrs. Coombs do anything for a case like hers?

Mrs. Coombs listened to her story, and put a few probing enquiries, with the result that Mrs. Coombs could, and would help her in due course. The poor girl left, as much lightened in heart as one in her distressful condition could be.

The next was a young man. He was, evidently, known to Mrs. Coombs. We heard his story later. He had been keeping company with a young woman, and trouble was about to follow. In this case the young man had manifested certain manly qualities, and had come forward in an honest fashion, and expressed his readiness to meet all expenses. He had also undergone an interview with the Commissioner a day or two previous, from which he had emerged with a very chastened air, and quite a different outlook upon life. He had come that morning to say that he had decided to marry the girl as soon as it could be arranged, in order that the child should be born in wedlock, and that he would get a house and fix it up so that the young mother could go to her own home as soon as advisable. The prospective husband was very young, but was industrious and respectable. Let us hope that the lesson they have received will not be lost upon either of them.

A very sorrowful case was the next visitor. It was the mother of a girl in one of the Homes. She had come from her country home to see her daughter. The poor old soul was overcome with grief at the plight of her daughter, but deeply grateful for what The Army had done for her.

There were several others; their stories were sad in the extreme, and showed the number of heart-aches and blasted lives which are caused by a disregard of the laws of God and man.

By this time the clock in the City Hall tower showed that the morning was rapidly approaching noon. We were, however, enabled to get some figures relating to the Women's Social Work, and learned that of fallen girls, as many as 75 per cent. are reformed, and of the maternity cases, as many as 90 per cent. are saved to a better life. Over 700 girls pass through the Homes in the course of a year; and out of a total of 888 girls only 25 were dismissed as being unsatisfactory. Over 200 of the girls professed conversion. The children admitted to the Homes during the year numbered 592, of these 58 were adopted.

By this glimpse at the morning's work of the Head of the Women's Rescue Work in Canada, some idea will be gained of the good work that is accomplished in this connection on behalf of a class for whom our Lord ever showed loving solicitude, and to whom, generally speaking, human sympathies are ever extended. If the human documents printed have touched your heart, dear reader, may we ask you to pray for this work, and to assist us with your purse, for as may be imagined not the least of Mrs. Coombs' problems is how to finance this work. Also if any of our readers are suitable for this work, apply to Mrs. Coombs.

Special Easter Songs.

Tunes—Christ for Me (N.B.B. 124);
What's the News? (N.B.B. 126).

The Saviour laid His crown aside
For the cross;
And there for all the world He died
On the cross;
His cheeks were smote, His flesh was torn,
His sacred temples felt the thorn,
While heaven and earth in darkness mourn,
Round the cross.

Our sins were all upon Him laid,
On the cross;
For all He hath salvation made
On the cross;
His pierced feet, His hands and side,
Pour forth redemption's healing tide,
Life's cleansing fount was opened
On the cross. [wide]

Oh, haste, my soul, and see Him die
On the cross;
Hark! hear that last expiring cry
On the cross;
He says, "I suffered this for thee;
Approach in faith the blood-stained tree,
And thou shalt My salvation see"—
On the cross.

Tunes.—I Am Clinging to the Cross
(N.B.B. 37); Mary (N.B.B. 48.)

2 Plunged in the gulf of dark de-
spair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
I am clinging to the cross.
With pitying eyes, the Prince of
Peace

Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—oh, amazing love!—
He flew to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He sped;
Entered the grave of mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold!
But when you raise your highest
notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

Tunes.—Sweet Rest in Heaven (N.B.
B. 103); Ellacombe (N.B.B. 30.)

3 Come, with me visit Calvary,
Where our Redeemer died;
His blood now fills the fountain,
'Tis deep, 'tis full, 'tis wide.
He died from sin to sever
Our hearts and lives complete;
He saves and keeps for ever,
Those living at His feet.

To the uttermost He saves.

God's great, free, full salvation,
Is offered here and now;
Complete blood-bought redemption
Can be obtained by you.
Reach out faith's hand, now claiming,
The cleansing flood will flow;
Look up just now, believing,
His fullness you shall know.

I will surrender fully,
And do my Saviour's will;
He shall now make me holy,
And with Himself me fill.
He's saving, I'm believing,
This blessing now I claim;
His Spirit I'm receiving,
My heart is in a flame.

Tunes.—Austria (N.B.B. 162); Cal-
cutta (N.B.B. 164.)

4 Look, ye saints, the sight is
glorious,
See the Man of Sorrows now,
From the fight returned victorious;
Every knee to Him shall bow.
Crown Him, crown Him,
Crown becomes the Victor's brow.

Crown the Saviour, angels crown
Him,
Rich the trophies Jesus brings,
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings.
Crown Him, crown Him,
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant
chords!
Jesus takes the highest station,
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him, crown Him,
King of kings and Lord of lords!

Tunes. — Manchester N. B. B. 47);
Nativity (N.B.B. 51.)

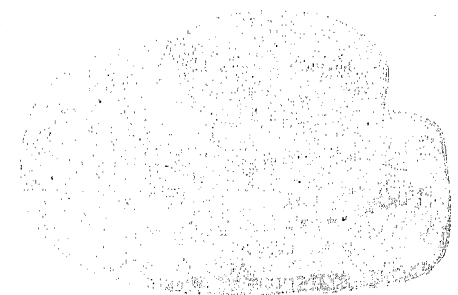
5 Oh, now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide!
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to His wounded side.
The cleansing stream I see, I see.

I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood;
It speaks! Polluted nature dies,
Sinks 'neath the crimson flood!
I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin;
With heart made pure, and garments
white,
And Christ enthroned within.

Easter Trade Specials.

Salvationists' requirements differ somewhat from the ordinary, and as Easter approaches, naturally the Uniform question for Summer is considered. Anticipating this, we have secured a full line of goods, and although the cost of production has advanced, we are not advancing prices.

BONNETS AND SUMMER HATS.



Bonnets, quality 4, sizes 4, 5 and 6, fine run-
nings, dark trimmings, each.....\$5.25
Bonnets, quality 6, sizes 4, 5 and 6, fine run-
nings, extra long strings, dark trim-
mings\$7.25
Summer Hats, Split, sizes 4, 5 and 6.....\$1.75
Summer Hats, Chip, sizes 4, 5 and 6.....\$2.75
Summer Hats, Canton, sizes 4, 5, 6.....\$4.00

DRESS GOODS.

Dark Navy Serge	\$1.00 per yd.
Dark Navy Cravenette.....	\$1.40 1.85 "
Dark Navy Merino.....	1.30 "
Dark Navy Lustre.....	1.00 "
Dark Navy Serge.....	1.00 "
Dark Navy Cashmere85 "
Red Cashmere85 "

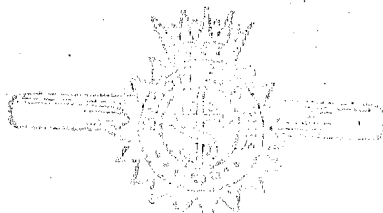
BOOKS YOU SHOULD READ.

Aggressive Christianity. By Mrs. Booth	60c.
Godliness. By Mrs. Booth	60c.
Life and Death. By Mrs. Booth.....	60c.
Sergeant-Major Do-Your-Best. By The	
General	50c.
Visions. By The General.....	50c.
Heart Talks on Holiness. By C. L. and	
Brengle.....	35c.
Helps to Holiness. By Colonel Brengle	35c.
Way of Holiness. By Colonel Brengle..	25c.
Soul-Winner's Secret. By Col. Brengle	35c.

SONG BOOKS.

Song Books, small print, cloth covers...	25c.
Song Books, large print, cloth covers...	30c.
Song Books, large print, leather covers	50c.
Song Books, large print, yapped edges	75c.

BROOCHES, SHIELDS, ETC.



Bar Brooches.....	40c.
Shields, with Copper Crests.....	40c.
White Metal Shields.....	25c.
Small Metal Shields	25c.
S. A. Monogram Pins	10c.

We Carry a Full Line of Army Requisites and Supplies.

Information Cheerfully Given.

THE TRADE SECRETARY, ALBERT STREET, TORONTO.



FEEDING MOTHERLESS LAMBS—A SPRINGTIME IDYLL.